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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Advocate of Moral Reform.

SKETCHES BY THE WAY-SIDE, OR LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A TRAVELLER.

The following narrative, strange as it may seem to the reader, is strictly true. The circumstances were related to a gentleman of high standing in the community, by the benevolent friend at whose house William first stopped, in Pennsylvania, and they were afterward corroborated by one who had just returned from Canada, where he had met with William, who was in a respectable business there, and had received the account from his own lips. They prove that "truth is sometimes stranger than fiction." As a proof likewise of love stronger than death, which many waters cannot quench, nor floods drown they may interest your readers.

William was a slave, belonging to the plantation of the Hon. Wm. C. of South Carolina. He was a mulatto, of fine appearance and uncommon intelligence, and, as the coachman of his master, enjoyed many privileges denied to others of his class; he had formed an attachment for a young Quadroon, who was the personal attendant of her mistress, and who had profited to the utmost by the few opportunities afforded her, so that in mind and manners she was far superior to many who looked down upon her, as a slave, with contempt. Her personal appearance was likewise, uncommonly attractive, and poor William soon found, that though his attachment was warmly returned, and she had become his wife according to the simple form recognized among slaves, his claims to the chosen of his heart were not likely to be undisputed. A gentleman (?) on a visit to his master, saw the beautiful Quadroon, took a fancy to her, and by the payment of a large sum of money, became her legal owner. True, she was known to be the wife of William, who was devotedly attached to her, and it was known, too, that she was purchased as the intended paramour of her master, who was a married man, but William might soon console himself with another, and the feelings of the wretched girl were not once taken into the account. Indeed, as a slave, what right had she to feelings on the subject? So she was torn away from home, and husband, and friends, and carried by her new owner to Alabama. William locked up his sense of the wrong done him in his own bosom, and though his merry laugh was hushed, and his brow was always clouded, he attended to his duties with the same faithfulness and precision as before. But his sleeping and waking thoughts were always full of one image—that of his beloved Lucy, separated from him forever, and compelled to forget, in the arms of a stranger, the husband who would gladly have died to save her from this dreadful fate Could he not even now rescue her? The very thought was rapture, but how was it to be accomplished? Alabama seemed to him almost in another world, and the fearful risks he ran in attempting to escape, were vividly present to his mind. Still the idea haunted him continually, and while his soul was thus agitated, an unexpected opportunity was presented to carry his plan into execution. His master was away from home for the winter, and a friend of his mistress who had been long promising her a visit, wrote to request that the carriage might be sent for her, as she was now in readiness to fulfil her engagement. This lady resided two hundred miles from the plantation of Mr. C. in the interior of the State, and thither William was despatched with the carriage and horses, to bring the expected visiter. He was obliged to wait a few days for the lady, and while there, among strangers, and with nothing but thought to occupy him, he first formed the definite determination to escape, and make one effort to become a freeman. He was able in some degree to count the cost, and knew that if he failed, a fate worse than death awaited him, but the love of liberty was strong within him, and his resolution was taken. But his wife, should he escape and leave her behind, or should he seek the far South, and endeavor to find her, and make her the companion of his flight? A moment he hesitated, for the star of freedom pointed to the North, and he knew not in what part of the State to seek his Lucy, but love triumphed, and the day before he was to have started for home, he fled, leaving no trace behind, by which his track might be discovered. It was of course supposed he had gone to the North, and thus pursuit was avoided by him, in his perilous flight. After some weeks wandering, he reached Alabama, and guided by that Providence which watches over the friendless, he came at last to the neighborhood in which the plantation of Lucy's master was situated. Having made acquaintance with a slave on the plantation, he contrived to send word to Lucy that he was near, and to encourage a meeting. And what a meeting was that! His hunger and wretchedness, his torn and bleeding feet, his danger, his sufferings, all were forgotten, as he clasped that beloved and long lost wife to his heart, and heard her whispered words of tenderness and piety. But alas—she was not free, and her absence might be noticed, and thus bring ruin on them both. She must leave him, but before they separated, a plan was agreed on by which they might daily meet, and he had told her his wild hopes and projects, to which she listened with a smile of utter incredulity. It was impossible, she said, for them to travel such an immense distance, without discovery, and to one who had been delicately brought up, the perils and sufferings of such a flight, at such a season were appalling. He plead his cause with all the eloquence of love, and the assurance that he must go without her if she refused, wrung her heart. When she next visited William, her mind was made up, to accompany him, feeling, as she said, that she had rather suffer a thousand deaths with him, than to be again separated, and left in the power of her present master. In one week, she had made all needed preparations for them both, and together they started for the land of liberty, guided only by that "north star," which has led so many pilgrims to hope and happiness. I will not dwell on the detail of their sufferings and privations, during the sad and weary months which were occupied in traversing the swamps and forests of the Southern States. All night the poor fugitives travelled, and during the day, faint and toil-worn, they lay concealed in the woods, hardly daring to breathe, lest their hiding-place should be discovered. The same kind care which sent food to Elijah by the agency of ravens, supplied them by means almost equally miraculous; and cold and hunger were unheeded while they shared it together. Often, from their entire ignorance of the geography of the States through which they passed, they took a wrong direction, and after a long and fatiguing circuit, found themselves at the point from which they started. Often, too, with alarm and horror indescribable, they heard the deep baying of hounds in pursuit of some fugitives like themselves, and trembled, lest at the next moment they might dash in on their retreat, and betray them to their inhuman pursuers. At one time, they came to a large and deep river, over which they could find no bridge, and not daring to avail themselves of the ferry in the immediate neighborhood, they went for a long distance up and down the stream, until, just at daybreak, they resolved to make the desperate attempt to swim across, and if they perished, to die together. To do this, they were obliged to leave most of their few articles of food and clothing they had thus far carried, and trust Providence for the supply of their future wants. By incredible exertions, William succeeded in holding up the frightened and fainting Lucy, while he made his own way across the river; but when he reached the bank, he had scarcely strength to throw himself and his almost insensible wife upon it. For some hours they lay there, utterly incapable of moving, and so completely exhausted in mind and body, that the fear of discovery ceased to operate as a stimulus to farther exertion. When at length the benumbing influence of cold, fatigue, and hunger, had in some measure passed away, they found that the little wallet, which contained all their remaining provisions, was lost, leaving them totally destitute of food, or a change of raiment. It was a moment of sore trial, but even then, they found consolation in the consciousness of strong mental affection, and the certainty that nothing but death could part them, for William was resolved, if retaken, to yield his liberty only with his life.

From that day, the privations and sufferings of the fugitives were increased ten fold; and poor Lucy, who bore them all with heroic fortitude, and unshaken courage, was evidently drooping. She made no complaint, and exerted herself even more than before; but a constant fever wasted her strength, and a racking cough told too plainly that her days were numbered. For some weeks they journeyed on, while her emaciated form was frequently borne in the arms of her poor husband, until from sorrow and fatigue, he was compelled to drop the precious burden, and throw himself on the ground utterly exhausted. Lucy was sensible that she was dying, and her only remaining wish was, to reach a free State, that her last breath might be drawn beneath a free sky, and with the blessed breeze of freedom fanning her fevered brow. For this, she bore up, with a courage and energy almost superhuman, but it was not so to be. They had entered Maryland, and were exulting in the prospect of soon reaching Pennsylvania, when her strength failed, and she became convinced that her last hour was rapidly approaching. They were in the midst of an extensive forest, far from the habitations of man, and this, which under other circumstances, would have aggravated their distress, was now the only solace of their misery. But who can describe, or conceive, the agony of the heart-broken husband, as he gazed on the faded form of the wife of his bosom, the companion of his sufferings and toils, the being who was literally all the world to him, and without whom even paradise would be a desert. Pale, emaciated, but still lovely, with both her attenuated hands fondly clasping his, and her large dark eyes fixed on him with the tender, confiding expression of infancy, she lay like a bruised reed in his arms, calmly awaiting the dread summons which was to leave him alone, without one ray of hope or comfort from the future. Alas! he had not then learned to seek consolation whence alone it can be derived. The blessed book which brings life and immortality to light, was to him a sealed volume, and no one had ever guided his feet to that compassionate Saviour who wept with Mary and Martha over the tomb of Lazarus. Who can wonder, then, that his heart grew sick, and his brain turned round, in that dark hour, while images of the past came thronging up before his mind, as if to mock his anguish. He remembered the childhood of his Lucy; the early love which made even slavery seem less bitter, and the few short months of wedded bliss, which had once been his own. Then came the memory of deep and bitter wrong—of avarice and lust, stepping in between those whom God had joined together, and crushing human hearts with the relentless grasp of despotic power. He thought too of the months of toil and suffering which had followed their joyful reunion, and of the patience, and fortitude, and love, which had sustained the partner of his flight, and made her voice to him as the voice of an angel. Without one murmuring or reproachful word, she had endured all the hardships of their lot, encouraging and cheering him, by the buoyant hopefulness of her nature, in his moments of deepest depression. And now this cherished object of his love and care was dying—dying just as the goal was in sight, and they were about to enter that land of freedom, for which she had so pined, and which even in dreams was always before her eyes. How valueless, then, seemed to him the liberty which she could not partake! How vain all the sacrifices he had made to secure it! While his heart was thus wrung with anguish, the sufferer revived, and after thanking him for the love and kindness which had been the blessing of her life, she entreated him to make no delay after her death, but to hasten his flight, lest even then the pursuer might be on his track, and the cup of freedom be dashed from his lips ere he had tasted its sweetness. True to her unselfish, and affectionate nature to the last, her latest breath was spent in comforting the poor mourner, who sat stupified with grief, long after the spirit had fled, holding the lifeless body in his arms, and gazing on it with a look in which every emotion of the soul seemed concentrated.

"There was darkness all within his heart,
And madness in his brain,"

During that long, long night, in which he was sensible only of one overpowering, absorbing feeling of hopeless misery. But with the morning light, came calmer thoughts, and as he looked on the marble features of the dead, from which all traces of sorrow and suffering had vanished, he could almost rejoice that her pilgrimage was over, and she had found the rest of the grave.

The day following the death of Lucy, was spent by the poor fugitive, on the spot where she had breathed her last, and where her remains were still lying in the fixed repose of the sleep that knows no waking. While he could still gaze on the lifeless form of his wife, William did not feel himself utterly bereaved, but he remembered her parting injunction, not to delay his flight, and knew that one solemn duty remained to be performed, before he took his departure. He must bury his dead out of his sight, but how was this to be done under his circumstances? There was but one way—and with an aching heart, poor William scooped out the earth with his hands, on a hill side, to a depth which would render her resting-place secure, and then prepared to deposit his sole earthly treasure there, to slumber till the heavens be no more. Once and again his resolution failed, and he turned away from the open grave, unable to commit the precious remains, without a shroud or coffin, to its cold embrace. At last, with the strongest effort of which human nature is capable, he lowered the body into the grave, and hastily covering it, ran from the spot without once looking behind him. He had gone but a short distance, when it seemed impossible to proceed one step farther, and an impulse which he could not resist, drew him once more to that hill side where his Lucy was sleeping. With maniac eagerness he tore away the earth that covered her, and almost felt, as he gazed upon the body, as if his wife were given back to him again. For three days and nights, the poor fellow lingered about that grave, making several fruitless attempts to quit it, till at last, feeling that he must soon die without food or shelter, he was impelled by the natural instinct of self-preservation, to hasten his northern flight. He tore himself from the spot which contained all that he loved on earth, without daring to trust himself with a single look. A few days travel brought him to Pennsylvania, and the first house he entered was that of a benevolent Quaker, who accosted him kindly, and bade him welcome to his roof. Poor William was toil-worn, and faint and sorrowful—still, had he met with refusal, his indomitable resolution would have borne him from the door. But the voice of kindness, so long unheard from man, and the feeling of security so long unknown, were too much for his shattered and feeble frame. He fainted instantly, and fell to the floor like one dead. The worthy family into which he had been providentially led, fed, and warmed, and cheered the fugitive, and had the satisfaction of seeing him in a few days able to express his sense of their kindness, and to give a narrative of his thrilling adventures. When able to leave, he was furnished with all necessary advice and assistance for the safe prosecution of his journey. He is now in the British dominions, established in a good business, and respected by all who know him, as an upright and intelligent man. But it is manifest to the casual observer, that he has been a man of sorrow, and those who have heard his sad story, well know, that whatever objects may claim a passing interest, his heart is buried with his Lucy, in that grave in the wilderness, where she sleeps in the dark and distant forest of Eastern Maryland.

Pro-Slavery.

From the New-York Sun,

OHIO AND KENTUCKY—ABOLITIONISTS—CIVIL WAR.

We noticed yesterday the dreadful conflict which had occurred between citizens of Kentucky and Ohio, in which several persons lost their lives, in an effort to rescue some runaway or abducted slaves, and we are greatly apprehensive that this is but the precursor to more sanguinary contests; the Abolitionists, backed by England, are more bold and daring, and avow their determination to carry their points, or divide the Union. The question becomes now of high and serious import, whether the Abolitionists, aided by a foreign power, of which, not a shadow of doubt exists, shall be permitted to separate the States and divide the Union, and by this division weaken the power of the Republic, and enable the enemies of free Government to cripple us in our resources, and introduce civil war in our land. That is the object, without any question. We are to be dealt with as England dealt with St. Domingo—excite, encourage, and push on rebellion and massacre of the whites—for we never have believed in their sincerity in the cause of emancipation. Were it not for fanatics and ambitious politicians at home, we should have no apprehensions of emissaries from abroad. A solitary faction in this country, have been for years attempting to break down the influence of the South, by assailing her on the slave question. The new Governor of Ohio, in his recent inaugural speech, says:—"Permit me to call your attention to the laws on your statute-book which lays restrictions and disabilities on the unfortunate colored population of our State. Laws which are too severe to be executed or obeyed can answer no valuable purpose. It does appear to me that a revision of those laws is now called for, and that reason, justice, and mercy, demand a mitigation of their penalties." From these remarks, persons at a distance could not fail to believe that the laws of Ohio were cruel, oppressive, and persecuting to the colored race, in the utmost degree. Let us examine how far they are cruel, and in what respect they require modification; laws, called by one journal, *Draco* laws—a "disgrace to humanity," &c. &c. Let it be recollected that Ohio, a free State, is almost surrounded by slave States, and the early Legislators of that State, anxious to avoid collision with their neighbors, being neither Abolitionists or traitors at that time, passed just, upright, and conservative laws. These laws are now sought to be repealed by the new Governor and are called "odious and cruel." Let us examine with fairness and impartiality how far they will bear this construction.

"No black or mulatto person shall be permitted to settle or reside in this State, unless he or she shall first produce a fair certificate from some Court within the United States, of his or her actual freedom: which certificate shall be attest ed by the Clerk of said Court, and the seal thereof annexed thereto by the said Court."

What does this mean? Why simply that no *slave* shall be permitted to reside in Ohio. Is there anything "odious and persecuting" in this from a free State? Free persons of color *may* reside in Ohio—but they shall produce evidence of their being born free, or of having been manumitted. Is there anything wrong in this? The other sections of the law prohibit persons from hiring a slave, under a penalty; and if they do so hire a slave and neglect to demand the evidences if they turn out to have been runaways, their owners shall receive fifty cents a day for their services. This is the "*Draco Code*"—this is the "horrid, oppressive, cruel law," which Governor Bartley asks to be repealed. Now we submit to the most fastidious among the Abolitionists,—we submit to the most enlightened among English statesmen, who are interfering in this matter, whether the law complained of is not a good law, contemplating to protect the black and not allow runaway slaves to have an asylum in the State? Our readers may ask, under all the circumstances of the case, "What does Governor Bartley, of Ohio, mean by asking a repeal of this law?" We will tell you what he means—and his honesty, patriotism, and high qualification for his present station, may thus be tested. While that law is in force, no runaway slaves—no abducted or purchased slaves can reside in Ohio—but the Governor says to his abolition friends, "Repeal the law—ask for no evidence of freedom—let all the colored race come into Ohio, from Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and other States—no matter how they come, *runaway or kidnapped*—repeal the law—let them in, and when once in Ohio, let me see the owner who would dare to claim them?" Is this honest? Is this just? Is this sustaining the Constitution, which the Governor has sworn to protect? Where is this to end? Fanatics from the East, and English agents from Canada, come into Ohio as a free State, and demand to have the law repealed which allows no slave to come into the State. That law repealed—the slave States in the neighborhood are scoured by the Abolitionists in every shape. Slaves are excited to murder their owners and burn their dwellings and flee into Ohio, which offers them an asylum. Are the well, and peaceable, and honestly disposed people of that State aware of what will be the consequences? A state of fierce border war—of murder—of incendiarism—burning plantations—sacking towns and villages—indiscriminate butchery—ordering out troops of each State, and civil war in its most dreadful form. This arises from the bold, unflinching, and daring course of the Abolitionists. It is not to be expected that the owners of slaves, whose rights are recognized by the Federal Constitution, as well as by the Constitution of their own States, can stand calmly by and see their property abducted—their plantations laid waste, and their wives and children in a state of starvation. They must defend themselves as well from enemies at home as from those abroad—they must defend their home, their families, and their bread. We do not waste a word on the abstract question of Slavery—it is fastened upon the slave States, and their rights are supported by the Constitution. They are to be protected, or they cannot remain under a Government which refuses them protection. The true friends to the Liberty of this country must every where take this matter in hand, and either put down the Abolitionists, or allow them to divide the Union. There is no other alternative, as such an outbreak as the recent one in Ohio must be deemed the precursor to the most awful consequences in that section of the Union.

MISSION TO LOUISIANA.

Mr. Hubbard, the agent appointed by the State of Massachusetts to test the law of Louisiana respecting free negroes that come within the State, arrived in that city, and expressed his determination to remain there until the Legislature assembles. The Legislature was to have met on the 7th instant. The Mobile Register, of the 7th instant, says:—"By a passenger from New Orleans, we learn, that on Saturday night the indignation of the citizens became so apparent, Mr. Hubbard took advantage at once of a vessel on the point of sailing for Boston, and hastily turned his back upon the labors which had been assigned by the arrogant authorities of Massachusetts."

This will be the result in every Southern State—all, we believe, have laws in relation to free colored persons, though South Carolina and Louisiana have been selected as theatres for the experiment. We are astonished at the course of Massachusetts. A sensible and discreet State attempting to interfere with the police regulations of free and sovereign States, virtually setting the Constitution at defiance, assailing the prejudices and attachments, and the safety of the Southern States! and all for a petty fanatic object, which is not and cannot be attainable. No respectable citizen, having a proper estimation of what is due to his own character and the character of the country, can consent to accept of such an appointment. What are his duties? It is useless to waste time in detailing them. They are, in a word, to violate and nullify the laws of the State, and the police regulations of the city! Will the people permit this? It is useless to answer such a question. It would be more honorable, straightforward and manly, if the people of Massachusetts are of that mind, to say at once, "we want the Union divided," or at least, "we want to secede from it." We should then know the position of Massachusetts, and ascertain how many States are willing to go with her, as at the execrable Hartford Convention.—*Ibid.*

Selections.

From the British Churchman for August.

THE CONNECTION OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH WITH SLAVERY.—NO. 2.

To the Editor of the British Churchman:

REVEREND SIR:—In my first letter I promised to show, among other things, how deep and dark a curse, in whatever aspect it may be viewed, is that system of slavery existing in America, which has been blasphemously termed, "The Patriarchal Institution," and which the Bishop of North Carolina regards, as "agreeable to the order of Divine Providence." For this purpose, I will quote, as before, the testimony of slaveholders themselves. It is true that counter declarations, of which I have already given specimens, may be adduced from Southern politicians and divines, lauding Slavery as a great blessing; but the motives that prompt the latter, are too evident to deceive any, except credulous hearers ready to be duped; while the former are the unwilling but honest assertions of those who are directly interested, if any men can be thus interested, in concealing the worst features of the system, and exhibiting it to the world in its least repulsive aspect.

"The evils of this system," said the Hon. Mr. Summers, in the Legislature of Virginia, in 1832, "cannot be enumerated. It were unnecessary to attempt it. They glare upon us at every step. When the owner looks to his wasted estate, he knows and feels them. When the Statesman examines the condition of his country, and finds her moral influence gone, her physical strength diminished, her political waning, he sees and must confess them."

"That Slavery is an evil," said the Hon. Mr. Broadnax, in the same body, "and a transcendent evil, it would be worse than idle for any human being to doubt or deny. It is a mildew which has blighted every region it has touched from the creation of the world."

"Of the vast tide of emigration," said Mr. Curtis, "which now rushes, like a cataract, to the West, not even a trickling rill winds its way to the Ancient Dominion. Of the multitude of foreigners who daily seek an asylum and a home in the empire of Liberty, how many turn their steps to the region of the slave? None, no, not one. There is a malaria in the atmosphere of these regions which the newcomer shuns, as deleterious to his views and habits. See the wide-spreading ruin which the avarice of our ancestors has produced in the South, as witnessed in a spare population of freemen, deserted habitations, and fields without culture. Strange to say, the wolf, driven back long since by the approach of man, now returns after the lapse of a hundred years, to howl over the desolation of Slavery."

Of these desolations, the barren, seared, and desolate soil; the withered energies of the State; the blasted character of the white population; the division, discontent, indolence, and poverty every where prevalent, are but single instances; and all, combined, are unequal to the sin, sorrow, and suffering, which form the chiefest feature of this accursed system. Now and then a brave hearted man has arisen, in the very midst of its atrocities, and denounced them before God and man; and if the Church had only uttered the truth with the same boldness, or had echoed its accents when it fell from the Statesman, in the halls of legislation, and from the orator in the public forum; if she had not elevated herself as a barrier to obstruct the light, as a bulwark for the defence of Slavery; that domestic institution, which is based on robbery, and thrives on blood; concentrating in itself all crimes, and enjoying a monopoly of infamy,—would, ere his, have tottered—if indeed it had not fallen,—never more to rise before the stern attacks of those whose hearts God, in his providence, had not allowed to be turned to stone.

"Is it nothing to us," asked the Hon. Mr. Swain, of South Carolina, in an address delivered in 1830—"Is it nothing to us, that seventeen hundred thousand of the people of this country, are doomed, illegally, to the most abject and vile slavery that was ever tolerated on the face of the earth? Are Carolinians deaf to the piercing cries of humanity? Are they insensible to the demands of justice? Let any man of spirit and feeling for a moment cast his thoughts over the land of Slavery; think of the nakedness of some; the hungry yearnings of others; the flowing tears and heaving sighs of parting relations; the wailings of lamentation and wo; the bloody cut of the keen lash; and the frightful scream that rends the very skies; and all this to gratify ambition, lust, pride, avarice, vanity, and other depraved feelings of the human heart. * * * The worst is not generally known. Were all the miseries, the horrors of Slavery, to burst at once into view, a peal of seven-fold thunder could scarce strike greater alarm."

However loud and thrilling the peal, the Church has not heard it yet. In gloomy silence, not to be mistaken for godly quietness, she sits in the midst of slaves, and sees many who have been brought in infancy to her fonts, many who have worshipped in her temples, and knelt around her altars, and whom she has recognized as her children, and part of Christ's body—mourning in hopeless bondage, bowed beneath the weightiest sorrow, chained to the darkest ignorance, degraded to the level of the brutes that perish, and sold like cattle in the streets. And she has spoken no word of sympathy, she has stretched forth no succoring hand; she has uttered no syllable of rebuke. Towards that friendless race, in their extremity, stolid, stony, icy-cold, have been her hand and heart. While the tones of condemnation were heard in every breeze that swept from the North, silent approval was given in her nod; and if ever she has spoken upon the subject, it has only been to thunder an anathema, at what Bishop Bowen, of South Carolina, was pleased to call "the savage outlawry and malignant philanthropy of Abolitionism;" or to breathe a blessing upon the dealers in life and limb, and calm their consciences with the assurances pronounced by the Reverend Mr. Freeman, and warmly approved by Bishop Ives, "that no man, nor set of men, in our day, unless they can produce a new revelation from Heaven, are entitled to pronounce it wrong."

Ay! our beloved Church, the pillar and ground of the truth, the witness and keeper of Holy Writ, as represented in the Southern States, by the individual conduct of her Bishops, and clergy, has bowed low before the Juggernaut of Slavery, and by the prostitution of her heaven-born influence, has aided in propelling the car of oppression over the necks of her own sons and daughters. And when the Church, having thus forgotten the command to do justice; to have no respect of persons; to call nothing common or unclean—had discarded in respect to this wretched people, the golden rule, and blindly adopted the wicked statutes of the land; deprived of their manhood and their Christian character—recognized as slaves and chattels—their degradation was complete, and their humanity forgotten. Thomas Jefferson, the second President of the United States, and the so-called "Father of Democracy," an Abolitionist in theory, but a slaveholder in practice, spoke of the system in his day, in terms that are applicable still. "Nursed and educated," he remarked, "in the daily habit of seeing the degraded condition, both bodily and mental, of those unfortunate beings; but not reflecting that that degradation was very much the work of themselves and their fathers, few minds have yet doubted but that they were as legitimate subjects of property as their horses and cattle."

Slavery exists in our Christian land, in a far more hideous and revolting form than amongst our Indian tribes, or other heathen nations, for this simple reason, that here it is defended from the Scriptures, eulogized from the pulpit, and impressed by Episcopal hands, with the seal of the Church.

It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the evident reasons why the sanction of religion increases its horrors: why the system, after it has been baptized into our communion, should exercise an influence more malign and deadly, than if it were the mere creature of human authority, scouted by all the saints on earth, as it is assuredly abhorred by all the saints in heaven; denounced by the voice of the whole Christian world; and with no advocates, except amongst the recognized children of the great father of lies.

It has been remarked by a clergyman of the Church of England, long resident in Egypt, that Slavery among the Coptic Christians, is more cruel and grevious than with the Mahommedans, because the former are taught that it is sanctioned by their religion. Thus was it with the Spanish Inquisition, whose impious emblem was the cross, surrounded by the daring motto, "*Exurge Domine judica causam meam.*" Thus has it been, and thus must it be, with every evil of man's invention; whatever its atrocities, they are infinitely increased the moment God's favor is invoked for its support, and it comes to be regarded as approved by heaven. And it is peculiarly the case with that system of Slavery, which broods like a cloud over our young land, and fills it with misery and sin, unknown in the hoary kingdoms of the earth; beneath whose black shadow the whole order of God's providence is reversed, and his peculiar sovereignty impiously infringed. Instead of equal brothers, there are slaves and despots. One half of His children, who were created little lower than the angels, are transformed into chattels, and classed with brutes; while the other portion, different only in the color of their skin, make merchandise of their darker brethren, and fearlessly pocket, like the sons of Jacob, the price of blood.

Of the dreadful influence of Slavery upon the white population, as respects their education, industry, religion, and morals; as encouraging a melancholy disregard of human life, and of constitutional obligations; as destroying liberty of speech and of the press; and begetting feelings of hatred and revenge towards all who would rescue their victims, I shall hereafter speak. And I shall also state, in detail, the sufferings and privations of the wretched slaves. Of the horrible facts connected with this branch of the subject, you cannot be entirely ignorant, since a work, noticed in your number for March, entitled, "Slavery as it is,—The Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses," contains a fearful array of them, with full and minute proofs of their authenticity and truth. Slavery in America, does not give rise merely to an occasional display of cruelty, selfishness, and oppression; it is cruelty systematized; it is selfishness embodied; it is oppression concentrated and made absolute; it is individual despotism, dark, bitter, and irresponsible; legalized and Christianized. For this system is our Church made responsible, by the conduct of her dignitaries and her members. And hence has arisen, of late years, an alarming hostility on the part of those who, not belonging to our communion, not acquainted with our noble liturgy and pure faith, attribute to the Church herself the pro-slavery doctrines taught from her pulpits in the South, and the cowardly apologetic tone which has long been prevalent at the North. No blow struck by infidels has been half as injurious to the cause of Christianity, as the wounds inflicted by its own professors. "Many attacks," said the Right Rev. Dr. Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury," in 1789, in a manly treatise in reply to a pro-slavery pamphlet, by a Liverpool clergyman, named Harris,—"Many attacks have been made on the authority of Scripture, but nothing would more effectually subvert its authority than to prove that its injunctions are inconsistent with the common principles of benevolence, and inimical to the general rights of mankind." The fawning spirit of many in our Church, towards the slaveholders was strikingly exhibited during the last year, in the proceedings of the Board of Missions, assembled at Boston, in reference to memorials praying a disavowal on their part of the proposition of their accredited organ, "The Spirit of Missions," that slaves should be bought by Churchmen, for the endowment of a mission-school! Whenever our Bishops shall exhibit the boldness for the truth, in regard to Slavery, which becomes their holy office; whenever they shall echo the tones of their spiritual ancestors, Bishops Warburton, Claygett, Fleetwood, Drummond, Green, Newton, South, Thurlow, Burgess, Porteus, and Horsley, instead of those which are now held theoretically and practically, by Bishops Ives, Elliott, and Polk—who is the owner!—of several hundred slaves, and others of their brethren, then there will dawn a brighter day for our Church and for our land.

At this moment the Government of the United States are seeking to annex Texas to the Union, for the avowed purpose of strengthening and perpetuating Slavery, and the Secretary of State, in defiance of the moral sentiment of the world, has dared, in an official despatch to the British Minister, to vindicate the foulest oppression that ever disgraced a nation. And while base-born venal politicians are thus busy, not only in riveting the chains which at present hold in chatteldom millions of our countrymen, but in forging shackles for millions yet unborn, no voice of warning is heard from the guardians of the Church, to warn us of the abyss of guilt and infamy into which we are plunging. Will the Bishops and clergy of our Mother Church gaze on the spectacle with equal unconcern? or will they not aid in arousing their transatlantic brethren to a knowledge of their true position?

AN AMERICAN CHURCHMAN.
NEW-YORK, May 15, 1844.

JAMAICA RUINED!!

To the Editor of the Christian Politician:

Dr. B.—Having recently paid a visit of several months to the Island of Jamaica, during which I travelled from one end of the island to the other, and visited nearly every town; having, too, had peculiar facilities afforded me for the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of the real condition, plans, and prospects of the different classes on the island, I will trouble you with a few remarks, as the result of my observations and inquiries, which you will either publish or suppress, as you may deem best.

The object of my visit being principally to obtain information on different subjects that might be useful to myself and others, immediately on my arrival I commenced an inquiry as extensive, and, at the same time, as noiseless as I could, making the most minute observations as I proceeded, as to the state of the island commercially and politically.

On looking around and asking, how does Jamaica prosper now? you are answered with the cry of ruin! ruin!! You ask the cause, and you are told, "*the people will not work*, and the country is ruined." As you pass through the island in prosecution of your inquiries, you hear the same cry reiterated—ruin! ruin!! And so it continues to the end of the chapter—all who utter it assigning the same cause—*the people will not work.* The idea that the country is ruined appears at first sight sustained by the fact that in all districts of the country you continually meet with estates thrown up, sugar works *in statu quo*, buildings dilapidated, fences broken down, and land overgrown with weeds and grass—all indications of ruin and bankruptcy. And as a consequence, you hear of the great falling off of the staple production, sugar, and its consequent high price. On a cursory glance at Jamaica, these facts present a prominent and ominous appearance; and one is ready at first to join the universal cry, surely the country is ruined! Nothing is more common than a wrong conclusion drawn from a superficial view of any subject, while a close investigation will generally correct such premature decision, and show us that we have been imposed upon. Such will be found the case with regard to Jamaica.

If you inquire why are these estates thrown up? why have these sugar works ceased their operations? why is less sugar exported now than formerly? the answer you may uniformly expect is—the laborers will not work in the *field*—we cannot *hire field* laborers. All this is very plausible, and appears supported by the efforts of the Island, or Colonial Government, goaded on by sinking monopolists, to obtain an increase of laborers by emigration. The blame must fall somewhere, and it may as well fall upon the shoulders of the poor black man as elsewhere; he has unjustly borne more than this before, and it is more likely to fall on him than others, because he has but few friends to clear him of the charge.

But the cause *does not* lay with him; it must be looked for elsewhere. It is *not* that the negro, now free, is lazy, and will not work for fair wages; it is *not* because the planter *cannot* get continuous labor on his estate—*it is because he or his agent will not*; he will not pay a fair price for labor, he would now reduce the *free man* to a condition as dependent and servile as that of the slave; and because the freeman has the option of refusing to work for such wages as he would dictate; his dignity is lowered, and the cry of ruin is raised *because the people will not work.* Journeying from Annotta Bay to Port Maria, I passed an estate, the name of which I now forget, that presented an unusually ruined appearance, and I asked a negro boy, a shrewd, communicative lad, who was my guide, and who lived about a mile distant, what was the reason for its looking so much worse than many we had passed before; he answered with great simplicity, that "Busha, (attorney or manager,) was very bad man; in slavery time he lick people too much, and since free come, he hire people and make 'em fool; he hire 'em and no pay 'em, and now nobody work for him." I asked him where the owner of the estate lived, and he said, "away in England." Subsequently I learned that this boy's answer, simple as it was, afforded a complete solution of the mystery, why some estates were given up, and why the people would not work. Many planters and some agents *do obtain sufficient continuous labor*, and can make sugar, and make the estates pay, and *many more might* if they would. But were every estate in full operation, I believe there would not be labor enough on the island to work them, for it must be admitted that a great amount of force has, since emancipation, been withdrawn from the field. But this, instead of being an evil to be lamented, constitutes one of the most pleasing features in the late change. Women—mothers, daughters, and wives, can now find a more appropriate sphere than the cane-field, for the employment of their time, in the superintendence of their domestic arrangements; thus securing for themselves and families a large amount of comfort, which, till lately, they had been entire strangers to. And such as formerly composed the pickaninny hogmeat gang,—i.e. children whose business was to gather food for the hogs on the estate, are now sent to school. And many of the smartest of the men formerly employed in the cane-field, have found a better market for their labor in other branches of industry, and have been *foolish* enough to avail themselves of the beneficial change. In this way full one-third of the former available force of the field has been taken from it, and were every plantation in full operation, additional labor *would be* required to carry on the work, and there would then be some propriety in the cry that now rings the island from east to west for emigration; but how senseless now; yea, how *unjust;* while *thousands of the native population are without work*, are willing to work, and would be *glad* to work, for fair wages. *Fair wages!* The use of this term suggests a few remarks on the subject of wages.

In Jamaica, in time of slavery, when a slave wanted to hire a few days of his own time, (I suppose I should say his master's time,) he usually paid fifty cents per day for it—often more—seldom less—and the poor man *innocently* enough supposed that if worth so much to his master when a slave, after he became free, he was worth as much still to himself: but instead of insisting on this, contented himself with three shillings, or one shilling and sixpence sterling—not too much one would think for a day's labor beneath the scorching sun of Jamaica. This sum, small though it may seem to every *disinterested* and reflecting man, was at first cut down still lower, by exactions in the shape of rent for house and provision grounds; which, if submitted to, would have justified the oft-reiterated retort, that when free the negroes would not take care of themselves. Had the claim of the planter been a specific one, for so much rent for a certain sized house, it would have been all fair, and no person could have objected to it. As the landlord of a cottage, &c. his claim for rent was good, but here was the singularity of the charge—the poor man had to pay so much rent for *himself*—so much for his *wife*, and so much for *each child*—a petty extortion, that left the laborer in possession of but a small portion of his earnings at the end of the month. In the commencement of freedom this one circumstance alone occasioned more discord between the planter and laborer than any other—and drove the laborer to seek a home and provision ground of his own—hence arose the numerous free negro villages that meet the eye and gladden the heart in all districts of the country; and where the laborer, contented and cheerful, may sit with his family, and enjoy the comforts of his rustic home. Thus the evil determined against the poor man, resulted in his welfare: while he remained on the estate renting a cottage and grounds, he was, in a certain sense, attached to the estate, and was liable to exactions and oppression, which he escaped by acquiring a home of his own—the planter or his agent cannot now coerce such laborer with the threat of expulsion from his house and grounds—the one is as independent as the other—*he* is not compelled to labor on any particular estate, but can seek employment wherever he please, or where his labor is worth most. And the planter can only get along with *him* by a fair remuneration for labor performed without any deduction in any shape or form whatever—and with such treatment as is due from one man to another. Oh, how it galls many to be compelled, in dealing with such men, to lower the high tones of domineering tyranny used in the days of slavery. All this *is* ruin. This, however, is not the condition of all the laboring population. I would it were so—but only those who have by industry and economy secured for themselves a refuge and a home.

I saw and conversed with laborers who were working for twenty-five cents per day, and who, out of the $1,50 thus earned per week, would have to pay fifty cents per week for rent—leaving but one dollar for their own maintenance, &c. Surely this was too little. These men would not have worked at this rate had they possessed a home of their own—but being attached to the estate by renting a hut and grounds thereon, till they could get away, would have to submit to their lot. The *enormous sum* of thirty-seven and a half cents, without any privileges whatever, is considered by planters and attorneys as too much for a day's labor; and a reckless determination appears to prevail among them to reduce it by any means to twenty-five and in some cases to eighteen and three-quarter cents. In some districts, a combination appears to have been entered into, by attorneys for this purpose; whether by instructions from England, or on their own responsibility, I know not. If the former, it must have been in consequ

ject as at present advocated a few words presently. It is assigned as a reason for wishing this reduction in the price of labor, that the cultivation of sugar will not allow such *high wages*—strange, indeed, if this were true, that many estates which have since freedom been doing well, (and many such were pointed out to me,) strange that such have this year broken up more ground, and put in very many more cane plants than formerly. But if it were true that the present mode of cultivating sugar in Jamaica would not pay—could no improvement be suggested that would leave the earnings of the labor untouched? If the pruning knife must be applied, are there not other places where it might be more judiciously and efficiently applied than in cutting down his poor pittance? Verily there are. To justify this attempted reduction in labor, it is said that a laborer can live for next to nothing in Jamaica. I grant it is true, that he can live very cheaply there, if he can be content with the simple vegetable productions of his own soil, and which he can cultivate for himself at little cost, if he will devote part of his time to such cultivation;—but in such case he could not give what the planter requires, i. e. continuous labor on the estate. But if such continuous labor be given, he must purchase his food, and then I affirm, without fear of contradiction, that it would cost him twice or thrice as much to live as it would the laboring class in Cincinatti, Ohio. And how would they fare with twenty-five cents a day, living as cheaply as they do? But it is objected that the wife can cultivate these provision grounds, while the husband labors on the estate. Granted. But what a shameful proposition conceals itself under a suggestion so specious and apparently fair. It is this—that the poor wife shall toil to feed herself, her children, and husband, that he may toil for a bare twenty-five cents for the planter. May all Jamaica's sugar plantations perish before her peasantry are reduced to such a sad condition. Whether, then, he has to buy his food, or work for it, how can he be expected to work for less than he does? I have seen men working for thirty-seven and a half cents per day, who, day after day, have no stronger food than bread and salt fish, and sometimes island vegetables, with a cup of coffee in the morning, and sometimes not that; as often as otherwise, having nothing more than so-so bread, as they call it, i. e. bread alone. Who then can blame the laborer for resisting a further reduction of his wages if he can do it successfully? Who rather, that possesses the soul of a man, will not commend his independence? The craven soul that would deny the exercise of such feelings to a man because his face is black, is not to be reasoned with—reason would be lost on him who has none himself.

But where, then, should the work of retrenchment commence? Should the salaries of overseers and book-keepers be reduced? By no means; they rarely are paid too much. If they are required at all, they are by no means too well paid. But in most cases one of the two might be dispensed with altogether. A good overseer is all that is required; and the book keeper and attorney, too, might be dismissed with great advantage to the proprietor; the book-keeper, because there are no books for him to keep; the name, though a high sounding one to us, being a perfect misnomer in its application to the Jamaica agent, book-keeping being no part of his business. The book-keeper is but the overseer's drudge, with which he might as readily dispense as not. And as to the attorney—well were it for Jamaica's prosperity if there were not one on the island. He is in most cases the root of all evil; generally a highly paid, pampered, lazy, aristocratical nabob, who alone fattens at his post, filches the absentee proprietor out of all he can, getting rich by swindling his employer and grinding the poor, and then lays all the blame upon poor "Sambo." Some of these attorneys, or managers, are agents for several properties—and right well they deserve the name of managers—right well *they manage for themselves*. They get a good salary for each estate, and *manage* to monopolize all the privileges the estate may afford, such as keeping breeding stock on the estate for their own profit, buying cattle young or lean, and keeping them in the estate's pasture till they are fit for the market affording no inconsiderable source of revenue to themselves, (when carried out to the extent which in some cases it is,) instead of consulting the owner's welfare, by keeping on the estate as many belonging to him as the estate would support. They also furnish the estate with all things it requires—charging their own price, without forgetting their own pickings. Most of these attorneys have from one or two to half a dozen housekeepers (mistresses,) who, though they do no labor, are mostly put down as laborers, and their time charged to the proprietor as such. Men in such circumstances cannot be expected to feel a deep interest in their employer's success. With them, "comes night, comes ninepence;" *their* salary is the first paid, because paid by themselves; they finger the cash. They are not solicitous to secure labor for the estate; if the laborers will work on *their* terms, all is well and good; if they will not, there is no compromise or conciliation—without ceremony they are sent about their business. The attorney can easily deceive the absentee proprietor, and persuade him the fault rests with the people; that they are fractious, or lazy, or exhorbitant and will not work; and can as easily obtain his consent to aim at the lowest possible reduction of wages, so low that the laborer would be a fool to yield to such terms, and when little or no labor can be obtained for such estates, they are thrown up—a source of loss and regret to all but the attorney. To the laborer, because there is less demand for his labor; to the overseer, because he now loses his situation; to the owner, because now no sugar goes to England for him; but as to the attorney, with nothing to do, his salary goes on, his housekeepers must be retained to keep house, and his salary goes on for what? for seeing the fields and houses don't run away before they can be sold or rented. And every obstacle will by him be thrown in the way of selling or leasing the estate, unless he be able to buy it himself, well knowing that on the sale or lease of the estate, spoil so rich and valuable would be wrenched from his grasp.

A great saving on the plantation might be effected by the proper application of labor either manual or other, and by the introduction of improved machinery; to which, however, there is but little attention paid. But there is little reason to hope for this, while estates are owned by absentees, and managed by attorneys; the same old plodding, beaten track being generally still pursued as in the days of Slavery. It is true that improvements have in some cases been introduced to some extent; but such improvements might be greatly improved upon; for instance, the plough is an improvement upon the old system of hoeing, where the land will admit of its use, and I saw hundreds of acres of land that had been thus ploughed. But would you believe it? I saw six, and in one case seven, yoke of oxen drawing one plough, with one man to steady the plough, and two men to steady the team; one man on each side to keep the oxen, (who are unwieldy, unmanageable creatures,) in a straight line—thus fourteen oxen and three men were employed on a piece of work that might have been performed much better by two strong mules and one man. This was on the plantation of an absentee, but I guess he was not a Yankee, nor his attorney either, or he would have devised a more economical application of labor. In some cases overseers have been dismissed for introducing improvements, and departing from the old plans. In fact, it does not become an overseer to be wiser than the attorney, but simply follow his instructions; and as the attorney has the power in all cases of dismissing or continuing agents under himself, it is the interest of the overseer to consult the whims of the attorney, however much they may militate against the interest of the employer. The cost of all this mismanagement, waste, and spoilation, is put down against the poor black man, with how much justice I leave the impartial to decide. A balance sheet is prepared at the end of the year, and a balance is struck—the estate is brought in debt, (and it would be marvellous if it were otherwise,) then the cry is raised, the island is ruined because the people will not work. Now the poor black man would have to work hard enough—yea, all day and all night, too, for his thirty-seven and a half cents, to make up such fearful odds as this,—nay, it would be impossible, by cutting down his pittance ever so low, to redeem the prodigality and mismanagement evident elsewhere.

On estates managed by resident proprietors, and where, of course, they feel interested in their own success, affairs wear a much better aspect. They generally pursue the system of job work, which gives the laborer the opportunity of employing his greatest physical force. The employer gets more work done in a day, and the laborer, by working harder and longer, can earn more than he could by day labor. These resident proprietors can and do get continuous labor; they can make sugar, and make their estates pay. I could not hear of a single resident proprietor, who had capital to carry on his [illegible] was not doing well. *Nor could I hear of an estate thrown up, managed by a resident proprietor.* He is on the ground, can hire laborers at the current rate of labor, and keep them when so hired. It is his interest to do so, even should it be at the expense of a little of that false dignity which he once possessed; while the pampered attorney, with no stake at risk, nursed in the lap of Slavery, accustomed to almost illimitable sway, will see his employer's interests sacrificed rather than submit his will and feelings to the change which the great change of circumstances between slavery and freedom has rendered necessary. But in many instances, he will rather exult in a ruin, though occasioned by himself, that will build up *his* own fortune.

Non-residence, then, appears to be the great evil. So it is an evil in any country, but especially so in Jamaica. Did all proprietors reside on their estates, things would go on much better. The present lavish expenditure for the salaries of the officers of the Government, the Established Church, the Island Police, (a useless body,) for emigration, &c. &c. would not be permitted, rendering necessary the enormous taxation under which the island now groans, and which of itself rests as an incubus upon its energies, prostrating them beneath its deadly weight. It will scarcely be believed that with the cry of ruin, ruin! incessantly repeated from one end of the land to the other; the very parties raising it, instead of seeking by retrenchment and reform, in some measure to escape such ruin and recover their position, give the lie to their exclamations by the most lavish and reckless expenditure of the public funds. Thus many of the salaries of the public officers have, since emancipation, (and now the negroes bear their share of the taxation,) been increased from the old currency of the island to sterling, making a difference in their favor of two-fifths, or nearly doubling them. Larger grants, also, have been voted from the public treasury for the rich, bloated, overgrown, and almost inefficient Established Church, with her jolly bishops, and fat rectors; besides the sums for the Island Police, and most villainous of all, the exorbitant sums that have been voted to encourage emigration. And as in the House of Assembly, so in the parish vestries, the same wasteful disregard of the public interest is manifest. Does this look like ruin? or rather with such causes may we not well expect ruin would follow, without blaming the poor laboring man. Now suppose all proprietors lived on their properties, a better chance would be afforded the poor man in the increased regard paid to the *public* welfare. The proprietors would study their own interest, and in doing so, of necessity, the interest of the laboring class, too; thus the public weal generally would be promoted, and Jamaica might have a House of Assembly of whose *honesty* at least, she might boast. This evil, however, of which we complain, is fast disappearing. Jamaica's darkest days have passed away; she will yet be able to export sugar, and export it to advantage too. The estates are fast passing into the hands of those who will be resident proprietors, and will personally look after them. Among these are the former attorneys, merchants, and other residents of Jamaica, who can and will make them pay. It may seem strange that these estates should not pay their expenses when managed by these attorneys for the proprietors, and afterwards pay a good profit when managed by them as owners. Yet such is the case in many instances, already. But the truth lies in a nutshell. As attorneys they *mis*-manage; as proprietors they manage *well*. This accounts for the willingness—yea, eagerness—(where they can)—with which they purchase these hopeless estates. I passed several such that were thrown up, and inquired if there was a possibility of purchasing or renting them on easy terms, and in most cases was answered, "No." I was informed that such estates are frequently offered for sale or rent, and are thus advertised in the public journals; but when an application is made to purchase or lease them, every obstacle is thrown in the way of a final agreement, till the contracting parties become disgusted, and draw off from all such negotiations; thus, few estates pass into other hands than the attorneys, while every newspaper in the island is crowded with advertisements of such for sale or rent, which are triumphantly pointed at as a proof of the ruin of the country. These newspapers, with their advertisements, are sent home to the proprietor, and are received as proof positive of the zeal of the attorney to dispose of the property. He writes home that the estate cannot be sold at any price, and finally buys it himself at a ruinous sacrifice; frequently for very little more than the mortgage that was on it. Again, the sale of the estate, with its price, is trumpeted forth to the world, and its depreciated cost is attributed to the ruin of the country, and is advanced as a fresh proof of it. Thus the attorney very *honestly* makes a good bargain for himself, and the season being favorable, can afterwards make a good crop.

With so many estates thrown up, no wonder that sugar is dear, from a less quantity being made. This, however, is not the only reason. There is another cause. On many estates are heavy mortgages held in England, and many are burdened with chancery suits. Sugar must be shipped to pay the interest of these mortgages and cover the legal expenses of those involved in law. Ships are sent from England that must be loaded, and thus the island is drained of its sugar, and what remains for home consumption or individual speculation, generally fetches as high a price on the island, as that sold in England.

As a panacea for all these evils, emigration has been and still is advocated; although all such attempts have as yet so signally failed. *And so may they fail, so long as they have their present basis.* All the zeal for emigration being founded on an apparently immovable determination to cut down the wages of the native laborer, Chinese have been brought to some of the islands; but they would not answer, and those who engaged them, were glad to get rid of their engagements by giving them up their time; they could not work in the field without an umbrella in one hand and the hoe in the other, with sometimes a stool to sit upon. What a ludicrous sight! and what a contrast to the native laborer! *he* seizes the hoe with both hands, and with a nervous grasp; while the earth yields beneath his manly stroke; from habit he is almost sun-proof; he smiles at the broiling rays of the mid-day sun, after working bare-headed beneath his meridian beams. A few years since the attempt was made to introduce white laborers into the Jamaica field, and cargoes of Irish and English laborers were enticed from their homes and native land, by the splendid promises and prospects that were held out to them. But how did the attempt succeed? Ask history; it will tell you. Its history is written in blood; it will tell you that that attempt to wrong the poor but honest man, was a scheme murderous as well as mercenary; that hundreds found an early grave, and left their bones to blanch upon Jamaica's plains, that hundreds of valuable lives were sacrificed ere the madmen engaged in the diabolical plot would desist from that, which to them was gain—paltry gain,—while to others it was death.

Last year £30,000 was voted by the House of Assembly to bring laborers from Africa, supposing these African laborers would answer the purpose better—and a number of such laborers were brought; some became dissatisfied, and have since returned: the Government being under engagement to return them free of cost within a given time if they were unwilling to remain. Among those thus brought from Africa were some persons who were once American slaves, but had been colonized to Liberia; but not liking either that colony, or the treatment they received there, had left and had sought an asylum in Sierra Leone. The Governor of that colony having some difficulty in procuring the requisite number of emigrants for Jamaica, some of these *Liberia refugees* applied to be sent, and from these the complement was made up. I did not see these individuals myself, but received my information from a gentleman who had seen and conversed with them, and on whose veracity I can rely. Strange, indeed, that those *foolish men* should prefer the thraldom of monarchy to that Government which declares all men free and equal—beautiful in theory—but verily with regard to the dingy skin sad, sad in operation. This is a new chapter in the history of colonization, and doubtless will be interesting to your colonization friends, if you have any. The terms are these: a free passage and stores furnished, by the most noble and philanthropic and purely benevolent members of the colonization society of America, with Henry Clay, their eulogist and advocate, to Liberia, and if dissatisfied there, a free passage and stores by the British Government to Jamaica, with a guarantee to return them to Africa, if they are not better pleased with Jamaica. I would, however, with all deference to the profoundly consummate wisdom of the above most noble society, suggest in future, that they should reduce their expenditure by transporting the objects of their pure philanthropy immediately to Jamaica, unless they deem it essential to their entire purification from American slavery, that they should have two sea voyages with the attendant sea sickness, &c., before they can decently associate with Jamaica's free black men. For this hint to the colonization society, if acted upon, I shall expect to receive the acknowledgments of their obligations, while at the same time I can assure them there is plenty of room for *all they can send*, unless the tide of emigration flows immeasurably faster than it has done to Liberia. They will be received too, and no questions asked—even should they go under circumstances similar to the adventurers of the Creole. The array of names presented as the active, energetic, enterprising agents of the above society, is in all charity a sufficient guarantee that benevolence, the very quintessence of pureness, lies at the bottom of their zeal, the whisperings of their envy to the contrary notwithstanding; if so, then of course the same high, worthy and noble motive would direct for their location the place where they would be most happy.

Jamaica then is the spot for them—for though some of the natives of Africa have returned to that country dissatisfied, MARK IT! dear colonization friends, not one of those who had tried Liberia first wished to leave Jamaica, notwithstanding the low wages paid for labor. Oh, what a paradise, then, must Liberia be!

This year it is proposed to import five thousand Hill Coolies from the East Indies to supply the Jamaica labor market. But who are the parties who vote the money for this object? And who are the parties who have to pay it? The House of Assembly votes it; the people pay it; while those who vote it, expect to profit by the measure, and do not forget to cut out some nice places for themselves or friends. The people who mostly pay it, are those who are to be *oppressed* by the measure. The money is paid from the taxes on the articles principally consumed by the laborers.

And here it must be borne in mind that since emancipation a very great alteration has been made in the schedule of taxation by the colonial legislature in favor of the planter, and to the prejudice of the laborer, reducing the duty on such articles as are used exclusively by the *gentlemen* of the island, and increasing enormously those consumed by the poor man. Thus, implements of husbandry, machinery, &c., are admitted duty free, to encourage the planting interest, while on the shingles now put on the poor man's cottage, the salt fish, corn-meal and other articles which he eats, and which he now pays for himself, the duty has been doubled, trebled and quadrupled.

The laborer would have but little cause to complain of the introduction of foreign labor, though its avowed object were, to cut down the price of his, were the cost of importing such labor borne exclusively by the parties for whose interest, supposed or real, such importation was made. But here is the singular injustice and villany of this legislation. *He* is taxed on what he eats, on what he drinks, on the clothes that cover him, on his horse, if he rides one, on his dog, if he keeps one, on his house, if he lives in one, on his land, if he has a lot, on the stamp on the title deed by which it is conveyed to him; yea, he is taxed in every possible shape and form; and out of these taxes, so much of which must, of necessity, come from the laboring classes, where they are so numerous, £30,000 is coolly voted by the Legislature to cover the expenses of bringing a number of foreign laborers to the island to reduce his thirty-seven and a half cents to twenty-five cents, to throw him out of employment, and take from him the means of gaining an honest livelihood as far as it can be done. It is in fact like paying an assassin to cut one's own throat. And besides this, anticipating the arrival of these Hill Coolies, who are noted for their immorality, an island militia is to be embodied from these very laborers, who will be turned out regularly to drill, and will lose their time while being drilled, and then must hold themselves in readiness to be called out for active service at any time to keep these emigrants in proper order. What monstrous legislation!—the laborers must be heavily taxed to have the bread taken out of their mouths—and then by law, become an armed, unpaid police, to watch their foes. Their case requires deep sympathy rather than censure, which so many are willing to mete out. They will long require the watchful eye of Christian philanthropy, especially of their British friends, to preserve them from oppression.

Under the affliction of this accumulation of wrongs, it had been no matter of surprise if the poor man had given way to some ebullition or feeling which had caused grief to his friends; but no—being guided and counselled by those who have ever been his best friends, he has nobly, patiently borne it all, merely using his constitutional privilege of making known his grievances to the legislature through public meetings, and by petition and memorial to the Government.

Deeply sympathizing, as the free blacks of Jamaica do with the slave in this country, and well knowing how much one wrong step may retard the onward march of freedom here, and throughout the world, and how far their consistent deportment may influence the destiny of the slave in every country, they are most anxious to realize the sanguine wishes of their friends, confound the machinations of their foes, falsify their predictions, and prove to the world the policy as well as safety of immediate emancipation. And may the God of Justice give them success.

Yours, respectfully. X. Y. Z.

Communications.

To Abby Kelley and others, friends of Emancipation, with similar feelings and opinions.

I attended the Anti-Slavery Convention lately held in Philadelphia, where I was interested and amused with the variety of opinions and freedom of debate, but very much annoyed with the under-current of party feeling that seemed to circulate through a great part of the meeting. I am not among those who believe this childish quarrel about opinions or modes of action will break up the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, for I consider it a fixed principle in the progress of civilization, that benevolence, justice, and equal rights, will eventually triumph over ignorance, want, and crime.

I have witnessed with pleasure the gradual success of those principles for forty years, in the overthrow of intemperance and Slavery,—during which time I have directed my feeble efforts for the total extinction of both. But narrow, sectarian party feelings are so much to be regretted in any cause, that I wish to give them a passing notice. They retard the onward course of human improvement, by engrossing time, by filling the minds of people with prejudices and bad feelings towards one another, who are generally friends of reform, and would be friends to one another, were it not for this fatal error.

From the history of reformation in past ages, we can see the effects of this destroyer of human peace and social progress. It has its source in ambition, pride, and selfishness; sometimes, when societies become popular and strong, it is produced by demagogues worming themselves into power for sinister purposes. But disturbances of this kind more frequently grow out of the faults of eminent reformers, than from any other cause, for great men very often have great faults. But be the cause what it may, it is very desirable to have this party spirit abated, so that the time and funds of the society may be devoted to the sinple object of Emancipation. Abby Kelley, in a letter published in the Anti-Slavery Standard, twelfth-month, nineteenth, says: "A few Third Party papers were taken, which of course were more mischievous than pro-slavery prints."

As I take no Third Party papers, I know nothing of the provocation received, but really I think the words "of course," might be spared, and leave the charge improbable enough; for I am acquainted with many individuals belonging to the third party, and know them to be high-minded, honorable men, incapable of doing intentional mischief to the Anti-Slavery cause. I differ with them in opinion on many points, but on the subject of Emancipation, we fully agree.

I do not think their plans for the overthrow of Slavery are always the best, but that is no cause for bad feeling. I think women are more efficient than men in any reform carried on by intellectual and moral means, and as far as Third Party exclude women, they deprive themselves of one of the most effectual means of support, and for this want of wisdom or penetration the enterprise must suffer. I differ with them on what I have no doubt they consider fundamental principles. I go the whole for Emancipation from the thraldom of all crafts; political-craft, priest-craft, and money-craft. I am opposed to slavery of every kind, physical and mental, without regard to sex, sect, nation, color, or condition.

I am opposed to the dictum of opinion, to Church government, to parental authority, to all influences from fear, favor, or affection. I am for having the mind perfectly free, acknowledging no authority for the control of opinions, but reason and the convictions of truth on the mind. And yet with all these heresies, I can meet Third Party with the most friendly feelings on the platform of Anti-Slavery. I believe I am right, and that all who differ from me are wrong, but how am I to convince them? Most certainly not by distrusting their integrity, and impeaching their motives.

I hold that man is accountable to God alone for his opinions, and to man for his actions, and that no man has any control or right whatever over the motives or opinions of another. For it is a fixed law in the order of things, that bad principles and opinions will lead to bad practices, and vice versa. If we see a man whom we suppose to have bad principles, and yet we know his practice to be good, it follows that we are mistaken, and have done them great injustice. It will not do, therefore, to impeach the motives of others. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Even if it were true, (which I do not believe,) that Third Party was founded by "bad men—with bad motives," it would not follow that the thousands who have since entered the Society, are of the same character. You may say they are a voting, praying, psalm-singing, church-going people, as the phrase is, and opposed to woman's rights; which may all be true, without committing themselves on the main question, for every man has a perfect right to choose his religious or political creed. But when you say they are not friends of Emancipation, not opposed to chattel slavery, you must excuse the world for not believing you, for they know to the contrary. The public understand the question, and why not leave them to appreciate its merits? they know that Abolitionists are divided into two parties, one party depending altogether on intellectual and moral means for the overthrow of slavery, the other on intellectual and physical; that is, moral suasion and the ballot-box. It is in vain for either party to try to rob the other of the character of Abolitionists. This you cannot do, and you may depend, that your strokes will fall harmless on those you intend to injure, and recoil with ten-fold weight on your own heads. If this war is not ended, it will leave a black spot on the character of many a good Abolitionist, and when this stream of bitter waters shall have passed away, none will regret it more than those who have been most engaged in it. If you would reflect for a moment upon the grief and bitterness of spirit you inflict upon the best supporters of the cause, and the rejoicing of the friends of human degradation, who laugh and make sport of your weakness and folly, you would, I think, come to a pause at least.

Do you not know that the fact is now being impressed on the good and great of all civilized nations, that a host of the most talented, devoted, and conscientious individuals ever known in any age or country, is now engaged in the Anti-Slavery Enterprise in the United States. And the day is not far distant when the impartial biographer will write out the history of this revolution, the greatest perhaps ever achieved, and well will it be for those who are weighed in the balance, and not found wanting, for the character of every hero in this struggle will be sketched out, its lights and its shades will be held up to the full gaze of an admiring and criticising posterity.

And if you have no pity for your friends and the cause you are engaged in, cannot you have some for your own characters? It is from the woman's rights party that I have looked for the olive branch to be extended, but I have looked in vain. I look to you because my sympathies and feelings are enlisted with you on other subjects. I look to you because you profess liberal principles, to conquer by forbearance, love, and kindness. And I now appeal to you upon this ground, in the way and manner that others have found these principles practicable. Without charity, how is one man more liberal than another? and without returning good for evil, how is he better than another? You declare disunion with slaveholders, with pro-slavery churches, with Third Party, and with all pro-slavery parties. I do not exactly know what you mean by disunion, but the fair inference is, no communion, no intercourse, no commerce, but to come out and be separate.

Now, whatever may be right in this case, there is certainly high authority for a different course.

Jesus disputed with divines in the temple, ate with publicans and sinners, and threw his broad mantle of charity over all but the scribe and the Pharisee. I am not aware of any way that individuals or societies can be made better by comeontism. It is pleasanter, I know, to our selfish nature, to exclude ourselves from intercourse with those we dislike, and particularly from objects of human depravity; but is it right? is it the best way to convince a man of his error, to cut off all communion with him? You call the slave, brother, and why not the slaveholder, Third Party, and everybody else who ignorantly injures himself and others? I know of no character, great or small, rich or poor, religious or irreligious, virtuous or vile, but what I can meet and talk with, and extend to them the rights of hospitality. It is an old saying, that evil communications corrupt good manners. If this be true, which I have no doubt of, in the sense in which it is used, it follows that good communications will improve bad manners. Changes take place in minds by coming in contact with each other, and if the good are not made worse, the bad must be made better. It is in vain to think of mending the world by dissolving connection with it.

All evil doers, who are not hypocrites, are mentally diseased, and ought to be treated as such.

When a man is physically sick, everybody thinks it right to nurse him, and administer restoratives, with kind and gentle treatment, but if he is mentally sick, they abuse him, run away from him, and leave him to die in misery, want, and crime.

You think that Slavery is so heinous a sin that every one feels a conviction of its enormity; but in this you are mistaken. There are thousands of honest, conscientious individuals who hold slaves. The Society of Friends once did it, and George Fox, I think, (I speak from memory,) recommended selling a slave to support an infirm member of the Society, but by following up his convictions, he became a true Abolitionist. Such acts are great evils, but not sinful. Sin is a violation of the divine law of conscience. Evil is any act that injures or hurts ourselves or others, intentional or not.

B. WEBB.

WILMINGTON, 12th mo. 25, 1844.

Letter from W. W. Brown.

S. H. GAY,—*Dear Friend*:—I presume that it is not generally known that we are doing anything for the slaves' cause in Western New-York. We are not asleep. We are at present engaged in holding a series of Conventions; the persons attending these meetings are J. C. Hathaway, G. B. Stebbins, J. B. Sanderson, G. M. Cooper, and myself. We held a Convention at Farmington, pursuant to notice. It was a grand meeting,—one long to be remembered. The friends of the slave from a distance were in attendance—friends that had not seen each other for months. They met, all laboring for down-trodden humanity, and each congratulating the other. The main question was Disunion. It was discussed freely for two days. Third Party men were there and tried to prop up, or keep us from tearing down the Union, or in other words, to keep us from showing the pro-slavery features of the Constitution; but it was no go. Among the able speeches made, there was one from our esteemed friend, Joseph C. Hathaway, which, by the way, was one that would have done honor to the head and heart of any man in the nation. His powers, as a public speaker, are not known, but ere long, they will be known and appreciated. At the close of the Convention, the call for the annual meeting was announced, and a wish was generally expressed by those present, that some of the esteemed friends might be prevailed on to come out and attend the annual meeting. Should it be announced that William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, or some others of those devoted friends of the cause, would be present, our annual meeting would do double service in the cause of humanity. The main question which will occupy the attention at that meeting, will be the Disunion question, and the aid of such men will be needed. No man in the nation would call together a larger audience in this section, than Wendell Phillips, Esq. The cries of three millions of our countrymen and women are coming to us upon every breeze that comes from the South. The groans of Jonathan Walker, Charles T. Torrey, Burr, Work, and Thompson, are mingled with those of the slaves. Our own citizens cannot have the privilege of free locomotion; they cannot go to the South, and declare that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and apply it to American Slavery, without being thrown into prison, and compelled to drag out years in chains. Their groans should cause every citizen of the North to cry out, NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

Yours, for the cause,

W. W. BROWN.

WILLIAMSON, Jan. 13th, 1845.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1845.

Take Notice.—There is a paper published in this city, called the New-York Standard, and letters and papers intended for us, often get miscarried to that office. Our friends and correspondents will please be sure and direct to us, as the *Anti-Slavery* Standard.

The Eleventh Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair.

[CONCLUDED.]

Thanks be to the God of Freedom, there is one spot on earth where extremes can meet in true and holy union. Puseyite and Transcendentalist, Catholic and Materialist, thoughtful Fellow of cloistered Cambridge or Oxford, and quick-witted representative of the great land whose crowning glory is to have no peasantry; fair child of the light-haired, stern-souled, blue-eyed Goth, and beautiful descendant of the noble, gentle race in whose aspect meets "all that best of dark and bright;" here you all unite in labors for the whole great family of humanity. You have discerned that it must primarily be free; and here you meet, as far as in you lies to make it so, knowing that without the most sacred respect for each other's freedom, and each other's rights, there can be no mutual love or co-operation—no progress for the cause. There are many touching incidents of the Fair, which ought not to pass unrecorded, so much do they cheer the hearts of the most zealous and laborious friends. The following note was received with a small donation of articles, which the giver will be glad to know were serviceable to the cause, by the full amount of their value:

My poverty will not admit of giving more towards your Annual Fair. Please to receive this small donation from a friend to the cause. E.

But their actual money value is but the smallest part of the worth of such valued gifts as these. They are an assurance of sympathy and co-operation. They are the true ties that bind the world together. Let it comfort you, wealthy Carolinian—"rich in Slaves and the souls of men," tortured with the struggles between your conscience and the habits of your life, kindly-hearted, yet lacking virtue to encounter poverty for the redemption and salvation of your country and your age,—let it comfort you when you reflect that the free States are full of devoted souls, who are daily offering their living to the cause, that you and your children may be saved from the awful destruction that a century of Slavery will precipitate upon you, unless you repent, if perchance there be yet time. Here is another of these affecting letters, from a friend in Lowell, speaking of the writer's pledge of five dollars at the New England Convention—of the subsequent severe illness of younger brothers and sisters dependent on the labor of her hands for their maintenance—of the regretted inability consequent thereupon, to redeem the pledge or aid the Fair—of the continual prayers of the writer for our success—of her earnest adjuration that we will never cease from labor and sacrifice, or yield to any power of temptation, but be "diligent, zealous, prayerful, faithful, steadfast."

We might give columns of the letters we have received with the contributions of friends, who have co-operated with us, and who know what the temptations of the Anti-Slavery cause mean, having felt the same. They are profitable to ourselves, "for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," as well as a valuable lesson in human life, to all those who are ignorant or careless of its great purposes; or who, absorbed in political chicanery and conjecture, fail to perceive the true causes of union or division in nations, or to recognize the onward tendencies of their age.

"Little they dream, those haughty souls,
Whom empire owns with bended knee,
What lowly fate their own controls,
Together linked by Heaven's decree.
Think they, the spires that glow so bright,
In front of yonder setting sun,
Stand by their own unshaken might?
No—where the upholding grace is won,
We may not ask—not Heaven would tell;
But sure, from many a hidden dell—
From many a rural nook unthought of there,
Rises for that proud world the saints' prevaling prayer."

See there, beneath the motto, "*Per ardua Liberi*," a group that could come together nowhere but in an Anti-Slavery Fair. They are unknown to each other, and are swept into momentary contact by the great flood-tide of the cause.

The first is JOHN G. PALFREY, the Secretary of the State of Massachusetts, who stands in New-England conspicuous for the vigorous rectitude which refused to receive a slave-inheritance. By his side is George Latimer, once the Virginia slave, now the Massachusetts freeman; needlessly *bought* by a poor, half-hearted compassion, which can yearly swear allegiance to a system of which it shrinks from looking on a single victim. The sentimentalists of the cause are these strainers at gnats and swallowers of camels: A step behind, on the left hand, see the excellent woman who returned to southern slavery to save her husband the anxiety which he would suffer from her remaining in freedom at the North without the power to inform him of her fate. She is here with us to "help the cause along," as the Anti-Slavery song says, by a free gift of a week's service in the work we are engaged in. A nobler spirit or a tenderer heart you cannot find in our ranks than this, which Slavery has so wronged and insulted. Nothing so like an aristocrat as a democrat—nothing so like the feelings of the master as the feelings of the slave. When this is felt, the tyrant and the demagogue will be alike despised—Slavery and caste alike extinct. To complete the group, see PRUDENCE CRANDALL, (now Mrs. Philleo,) of Canterbury memory, with face as cheerful and eye as bright, as if she had never undergone the concentrated indignation of the sovereign State of Connecticut for her right-minded humanity.

But our dealings this week must be rather with things than with persons—the business of the cause for the sake of the cause; and we can hardly stop to talk.

The autographs sent from Glasgow, Darlington, Bristol, and Dublin, were a great attraction and source of revenue. The autograph letter of John Newton, received from the daughter of the lady to whom it was addressed, was sold for $10,00. The letter of the Sultan of Muscat for $5,00. Autograph note of Thomas Moore, $3,00. To the request of a beloved English friend, we owe a very valuable and interesting collection from the family of WIFFEN, the distinguished translator of Tasso;—known also to American Abolitionists as the author of the poem—"They ask me for some radiant lay." J. H. Wiffin is no more: and we copy the following beautiful poem, sent by his brother, attached to his autograph, with that painful emotion which ever attends the thought of the survivors of a highly endowed soul that has departed. Are we not also, through spiritual affiliation, his kindred, by the token that our souls have kindled at "The lay that high-toned minstrel breathed."

LINES,

[UNPUBLISHED.]

Addressed to AUGUSTINE ARGUELLES, *Guardian of Isabella II. of Spain, with a copy of J. H. Wiffen's Translation of the Works of Garcilasso de la Vega, surnamed the Prince of Spanish Poets.*

Spain's sweetest Bard's undying numbers
Lie here in Saxon music drest;—
And He who woke their Southern slumbers
With Gothic lyre, is gone to rest.
Ask not where now his head reposes,
In what far region rests his dust;—
If, crowned with amaranth of roses,
The sculptor's skill belie his bust.

The chisel'd stone's a voiceless pleader,—
The medal faithless to its trust,—
The thought that stirs *thy* thought, O reader!
That essence of motion! is that, too, dust?
Was it not Mind in its first emanation,
That orbed the planets to kindle the void?
The thought that moves thought strikes a light in creation,
Young fire of a sphere that cannot be destroyed.
How vain, then, the need of brass or of column,
To that which the PEN to *itself* imparts!
How dull the minster's dirge, though solemn,
To that which it sounds through HUMAN HEARTS!
The Page, that our innermost mind engages,
Forms part of its nature and destiny;—
Its rounds of thought are the links of ages,—
They fashion our chain of eternity.

Such is the pen of the Poet's glory,
And his the Translator from shore to shore;
Such the meed of the Page before me,
Of the Dead, who *have written*, and gone before.
The Spirit of love—the bosom that trembles
To tenderest Feeling's smile and tear,
Here read how each the other resembles,
For both their monuments are here.

BENJAMIN B. WIFFEN.

Hotel de Gerrieys, Madrid,
12th month 15th, 1840.

Accompanying the Glasgow and Edinburgh contributions, are the following lines, in the handwriting of J. Oswald Murray, son of that unfaltering friend of the cause, John Murray, of Scotland:—

GLASGOW, TO AMERICAN ABOLITIONISTS.

Noble hearts! The good and free,
Truth's own true nobility!
Tho' the sea between us flow,
Still within our hearts shall glow
Love so true, and warm, and wide,
That the whole Atlantic's tide
Could not quench its fervent fire,
Could not hide the warm desire,
Oft to hear
From those so dear,
Who, across the ocean's wave,
Still stand forth, the free and brave.

Need we tell you that we love
That great cause for which we move?
Freedom for the fettered slave;
Stolen from o'er the ocean wave,
From his own bright native land,
By the *Christian* pirate's hand,
Groaning 'neath the Christian's thrall,
Bond, and lash, and bitter gall—
Chained in night—
And hid from light,
That might ope his mental eyes,
Giving hope beyond the skies.

No! you know we dearly love it;
Few the ends we seek above it!
And as we embrace the cause,
So our hearts embrace the men,
Who at no obstruction pause,
Till that glorious end they gain;
Who rejoice in every loss,
Counting all earth's wealth but dross:—
Nor depart
From our heart,
They who tread the same career,—
Noble women! Noble "sphere!"

Yes! we know the shame and scorn,
And the trials they have borne;
And the many a sacrifice,
Made to gain this glorious prize—
Bondsman's fetters to unbind,
Liberty to all mankind!
Never weary, never done,
Till that noble prize be won;
Never quailing,
Still unfailing,
Urging on God's glorious plan,
"Peace on earth—good will to man!"

Still go on, bright stars of earth,
Till the truth that fights for birth,
Shine so clear, so bold and bright,
On man's dimmed and darkened sight,
That no more shall fetters bind
Nobler limbs or nobler mind,
But man's lofty soul shall rise
Even on earth towards the skies!—
Error fly,
Sink and die!—
Truth and "Faith, and Hope, and Love,"
Every evil rise above!

With your efforts we'll unite,
And our mutual faith we'll plight,
And our hearts and hands shall join
To promote the cause divine;
And our prayers shall rise to Heaven,
That His grace to us be given;
He our humble efforts bless,
And his own great cause confess!
And although
A part below,
May we meet in joy and love,
Round th' Eternal Throne above!

The Liberty Bell, volume sixth, appeared in a more beautiful form than ever before. Compare it with the first volume, and see in the increase in size and beauty, and in the identity of spirit, a type of the progress of the cause; in the variety of the contributions, an emblem of the Catholic grounds of our association.

It is illustrated with an etching on copper, of WENDELL PHILLIPS. Bound in various styles to suit every taste, it is for sale at the Anti-Slavery head quarters, in Philadelphia, New-York, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire.

The following is the table of contents:

Sonnet,	*Bernard Barton.*
Appeal to Mothers,	*Charlotte H. L. Coues.*
To the American Abolitionists,	*John Bowring.*
New England Convention,	*Susan C. Cabot.*
To Cassius M. Clay,	*Eliza Lee Follen.*
Responsibility,	*Elizabeth Pease.*
The Norman Baron,	*Henry W. Longfellow.*

portant object; and as indicating the existence of that fountain of human sympathy to which we look for aid in the great cause of freedom, and as an instance of fidelity to their highest convictions in the managers of the institution, we rejoice heartily in their success, wishing them the additional and deeper satisfaction of sharing with us in the deliverance of our whole country from dishonor, and our compatriots from wrong and slavery. *This* ought they to do, and not to leave the other undone.

A second, and ever to be deprecated obstacle, lay in the aptitude of men and women to see some easy and self-indulgent way to gratify the natural sympathy for suffering; some mode by which they could delude themselves into the belief, that they were relieving it without pain to themselves; as the boy claimed to be sharpening the axe while he turned the wheel without pressure of the instrument upon the grindstone. This is an exact illustration of the Liberty party instrumentality, and mode of operation, in its best, i. e. its abstract aspect: and the delusion ever operates disastrously on the cause; while the effect of *the* Liberty party, in the concrete, is to dishonor by its baseness, the very name of Anti-Slavery, and to endeavor, whenever a cent may be made by the mistake, to pass itself off as identical with Anti-Slavery.

From the first hour of the secession of the leaders of the Liberty party from the Anti-Slavery movement, we have been most solicitous to do nothing which should give to the public the idea, then so much deprecated by them, that there was the smallest affinity between them and the American Society, and its auxiliaries: and previous to the opening of the Fair, we gave notice, in unequivocal terms, of the fact of the entire discrepancy between the Liberty party and the Anti-Slavery movement, of which we are the promoters. In giving this notice, we are careful to give the Liberty party and the New Organization, the names of their own choice. The action on its part was as follows:

"We are requested to state that the Fair now in operation at the Marlboro' Hall, Washington street, has no connection with the anti-Sabbath, no-government, woman's rights Fair, which is to be held some time during the present year"—*Boston Morning Post.*

The action is the opposition forced out, the perfect exponent, in all its horrible and malevolent falsehood, of the Liberty party spirit of enmity to our cause. It labors throughout the year—at home and abroad—in city and country—but more in private than in public—to deprive the Anti-Slavery agents of places of meeting—to hinder the people from listening to the truth that might save the nation from destruction—and by every possible device of calumny and fraud, to divert funds and sympathy from our operations.

We occasionally receive letters like the following in effect:—"We send you our little contribution for the Fair, with heartiest good-will. We anticipated sending you something of more value, for at our first gathering we were a large number; but, before we had time to act, the Liberty party and the pro-slavery clergy united in a popular clamor of "Infidelity," &c. and produced the effect they desired, in quenching the sympathy which was kindling for the cause in this place."

Between the ill effects wrought by the evil members of this party, in connection with the most hopelessly pro-slavery classes of the community, in awakening an indiscriminating suspicion of the very name of Anti-Slavery, which they have abused with such shameless hypocrisy, it is felt by all the hearty and disinterested members of the Anti-slavery cause, (and for the most part, in exact proportion to their interest and activity do they feel it,) that the cause has at this moment no obstacle to contend with so deadly as that paralysis of the moral sense induced by action with the Liberty Party.

When, in view of all obstacles, the cause, as measured by the success of the Fair, is found to have made so much progress since last year, it affords cause of warm congratulation, and gives us the assurance that all such obstacles must go down before the onset of victorious truth.

The Fair closed with a joyful and animated gathering from various parts of the country and the State; though a feeling of sympathy in the bereavement of our friends, the Hutchinsons, somewhat changed the festive character we had thought to give to the entertainment. The noble speeches of Messrs. Phillips, Douglass, and Garrison, will be given hereafter, as time permits us to write them out.

There has been in past years, (even after the few first well-conducted Fairs held in Boston,) a prejudice in many minds against this mode of aiding any good purpose. It was a justly founded prejudice, occasioned by the mismanagement of many such undertakings. We are happy to find that the excellent order, the judicious arrangements, the rigid economy, the exact accounts, the diligent attention to business, the admirable propriety of manner, and the true devotedness of soul, always observable at the MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, have completely vindicated this instrumentality in the prosecution of our enterprise. We are solicitous to have all our measures worthy of our principles,—all our means worthy of our end; and we acknowledge much incidental benefit in the increased capacities of heart and mind which the incidents and efforts of the Fairs have given us. We thought to win freedom for the slave. We have seen a progress towards it beyond our most sanguine hopes, and have won beside what we did not think of—freedom of action for ourselves, unutterable satisfaction to the moral nature, with culture and gratification to the imagination, the invention, and the taste. "Seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all *these* things shall be *added* unto *you*."

We have already re-organized our efforts for the promulgation of our anti-slavery principles through the means of the Fair of 1845, and ask general co-operation for the sake of our cause, our country, and the world.

M. W. C.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Of Money received in 1844 *for the Liberty Bell and the general purposes of the Eleventh Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair.*

Charlotte Austin,	$5 00
Friends in Hubbardston, by Clara Swan,	4 00
Charlotte Coues,	5 00
Catherine Sargent,	5 00
George R. Russell,	5 00
Wendell Phillips,	5 00
Nathan Johnson,	5 00
Edmund Jackson,	27 00
Mary G. Chapman,	5 00
Collected by F. H. Drake, received at different times,	5 50
Mrs. George Mills,	5 00
Princeton Anti-Slavery sewing circle,	3 00
Mrs. F. G. Shaw,	5 00
Anna Quincy Thaxter,	1 00
Miss Tidmarsh,	1 00
New-Bedford A. S. Society, by W. Phillips,	5 00
Misses Cushing,	2 00
Samuel G. Howe,	10 00
Henrietta Sargent,	5 00
Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring,	10 00
Paulina S. Wright,	2 00
Ruth Beatty,	1 00
Samuel Lightbody,	3 00
Hannah Barnard & C. Carter,	50
Mrs. Farrar,	3 00
Daniel P. Parker,	10 00
Harriet Sturgis,	2 00
Eunice Dorman,	2 00
Lucy Gates,	5 00
Dolly Thomas,	1 00
Mrs. Henry Mansfield,	1 00
From friends in Westminster,	4 00
Richard Clapp,	5 00
Hingham friends,	14 00
M. A. Bishop,	1 00
Olive H. Tucker,	1 00
Miss Wallace,	50
Ladies of Leicester,	1 75
Elvira Kimball,	1 12
West Brookfield, by Mrs. Gilbert,	13 25
Athol, by Mrs. Hoyt,	5 50

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

NOTE.—In the list of towns which made donations to the Fair, the name of Dedham was accidentally omitted.

Counter Annexation.

A petition is in circulation, in Detroit, Michigan, for the Annexation of Canada. The petitioners pray that negotiations may be opened for the cession of Canada and that in any proceeding for the Annexation of Texas, a provision be inserted that it shall not take place till Canada can also be annexed. The reasons set forth are, first, that the addition to the South of Texas would require the addition of Canada to the North in order to maintain the just balance of the Union; and secondly, that the acquisition of Canada is, in itself, a desirable acquisition for the United States. What will become of the slaves if we extend the area of Freedom northward also? God grant that no more soil may be cursed with such Republicanism as we have.

Mr. John Jay and the Emancipator.

The Standard of January 9th contains a letter from Mr. John Jay, in reply to my remarks upon his letter touching the Emancipator, contained in the Standard of October 3d. Mr. Jay complains that I had recourse in that article to "perversion of language, and defamation of character." I hardly need deny having had any such intention. Mr. Jay knows that I have no reason to entertain, and I know that I do entertain, no feelings towards him, personally, other than of the friendliest character. I still think that the language used by him in his first letter justified the inference I made from it, though of course his present statement will be received as an explanation of how he meant it to be understood. Mr. Jay's complaint is, that I stated that the ground on which he rested the defence of the City Society was, that "if," according to the doctrine of the American Society, "the American Board had no right to transfer the Emancipator to the City Board, without the consent of the American Society, then the City Board, being in possession, (whether honestly or fraudulently,) had no right to re-transfer without the consent of the City Society." This inference, "whether honestly or fraudulently," he thinks "was not authorized by a single word or syllable in his letter." I will quote the passages of his letter from which I deduced it. Mr Jay says in that letter:

"During their sittings, (the American Society's,) in New-York, in May, 1840, I was waited upon at my office by a Committee of gentlemen, consisting of Ellis Gray Loring, Esq. of Boston, Mr. Earle, of Philadelphia, and others," at whose request a meeting of the City Board was convened.

"These gentlemen plainly intimated to the Board their belief, that the Executive Committee had acted fraudulently in transferring the Emancipator, and that the City Society had become parties to the fraud by accepting the transfer. They urged upon the Board, and supported the position with strong legal argument, that the Executive Committee had no authority to dispose of the paper without the consent of the Society. That no matter with whom, or by what funds, or in what way soever, the Emancipator originated, it had become the property of the Executive Committee, and therefore the property of the Society by whom they were appointed, and whom they represented; and that even if they had the *legal* right to assign it to whom they pleased, they had no moral right to do so without the sanction of the body to whom it actually belonged; and they, therefore, asked its re-transer, on the ground that the Society had in its corporate capacity, disapproved of the act, and demanded that it should be annulled."

* * * * * * *

"As far as my recollection serves me, the Managers briefly but strongly expressed their conviction of the integrity of the gentlemen by whom the transfer to them had been made, and after noticing the arguments on which the re-transfer was demanded, to wit: that when the Emancipator became the property of the Committee, it became the property of the Society, and could not be disposed of without their consent, they said that if this position was correct, *they had no right to re-transfer it*; because by the transfer to them, it had legally become the property of the New-York City Society, whom they represented."

Mr. Jay intimates that if these gentlemen "had presented to us, not vague suspicions merely, but satisfactory *proof*, that a fraud had been perpetrated," and then the City Society had retained its possession, my language would have been justifiable. I was not upon that Committee, and consequently cannot state whether the *proof* was adduced or not; but, if not, it must have been because the facts upon which Messrs. Loring and Earle rested their "strong legal arguments," were not denied. For the proof was at hand, and could have been produced, in the handwriting of the transferring Board, if it had been demanded. And as far as weight of opinion went, that of counsel learned in the law, like Messrs. Loring and Earle, might at least be supposed to counterbalance that of Messrs. Tappan, Leavitt, &c. as to the character of a business transaction. When, therefore, the City Board said that the paper had legally become the property of the City Society, (these facts, being, as I supposed, admitted,) and that on the principles of the American Society itself, it would not be restored by the Board without the consent of the City Society, my inference that they regarded their possession as good in law, whether "honestly or fraudulently" obtained, was a natural, if not a necessary one. At any rate, it seemed the inevitable one, not only to me, and to those of my way of thinking, but to impartial persons, entirely disconnected with the Anti-Slavery movement. The whole *gravamen* of the matter lay in the fraudulent character of the transaction. If the American Board had acted honestly in the transfer, the City Board had no occasion to resort to any such circular mode of reasoning, to justify its refusal to re-transfer. It was their own to do what they would with it. Their reply would be substantially, in the civilest of language, of course, "Gentlemen, it is none of your business. The paper is honestly ours, and we shall do what we like with it." I certainly did not suppose that Mr. Jay, after listening to the "strong legal arguments" of eminent lawyers, founded upon a statement of facts, which, if not verified by evidence, it was only because it was not called for, would assume the very point at issue, and rest the title of the Society to the paper, upon the honesty of the original transfer. I supposed, and so did others, that he admitted the substantial truth of the statements and arguments of the conferring Committee, but still held that the paper having come into the possession of the Society by the action of the Board, could not be parted with, without recurrence to the Society. This certainly seemed to be the doctrine of a very young lawyer, but it appeared to be the natural meaning of Mr. Jay's language. He has now disclaimed such meaning, and he is entitled to the benefit of the disclaimer.

Mr. Jay expresses, in the course of his letter, the true secret of his concurrence in this transaction. It was his unquestioning reliance upon the men composing the American Committee, and his readiness to believe, without inquiry, that whatever they did was necessarily right. This I had always believed to have been the fact. I never thought Mr. Jay capable of consenting to what he believed to be a dishonest or unhandsome transaction. His misfortune was in placing his confidence in men who did not deserve it. His fault will be, if he endeavors to make their wrong appear a right, because he was unfortunately mixed up with it. I do not believe that Mr. Jay meant to do a dishonest action in receiving the Emancipator, any more than I do that he deliberately told the calumnious falsehoods contained in his Address, put forth on the eve of that meeting. He acted in both cases as the mouthpiece and instrument of men whom he did not believe could lie or cheat. He was to blame in both instances, but in a very different measure from his principals. He can place himself in the same category with them if he choose, but I have never placed him there, and should deeply lament to see him put himself in such a predicament.

There was nothing in all the meannesses and the wickednesses of that unhappy time, that more deeply stirred my indignation, than the manner in which that Committee involved Mr. Jay in this transaction. It was no common act of turpitude for men of mature life and long experience, to make use of the illustrious and venerable name,—a name which I was always taught to regard as the *second*, and which I have since learned to consider as the *first*, in our history,—of a young man, scarcely arrived at majority, as a cover for their base and treacherous betrayal of the cause entrusted to their hands. It was no small aggravation of their guilt, to misuse the unlimited confidence of such a young man in them, to implicate him in a dirty transaction, which, from its very nature, can never be forgotten, the odor of which will adhere to him to the end of the longest life. It was very, very base. They knew perfectly well what they were about. They, no doubt, supposed they would be able to smother up the affair, and prevent public scandal, as they had known such things to be managed in the churches. They showed that they did not understand either the nature of the cause they were betraying, or the character of the men with whom they had to deal. But this in no degree diminishes their culpability, either towards the slave, or towards Mr. Jay. I apprehend that there is no one who is not desirous that every allowance should be made, which Mr. Jay will suffer to be made for this error of his youth. Many, and friendly eyes are fixed upon his course, in the hope and belief that it will be worthy of the great name he bears,—a name synonymous with devotion to Liberty, with personal honor, with private excellence, and with public virtue.—Q.

Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

It is impossible in this week's Standard to give anything like a detailed account of this meeting. Like all those held in Boston, it was a very full one, and like all Boston Anti-Slavery meetings, it was, of course, also a good one. Recent events gave it an uncommon interest, not only among the members of the Society, but with those who are not, and do not desire to be ranked among Abolitionists. It was marked, not only by the most uncompromising spirit, and the most earnest tone, but by a deep and thoughtful, and quiet interest, in the thousands in attendance, in the great truths which were uttered, which shows that the principles of our glorious cause are taking a strong hold upon the popular mind. The last session was held, as usual, in the State House, and the stirring appeals of Garrison, and the masterly eloquence of Phillips, were listened to there, as they denounced the existing union with slaveholders, with breathless silence, by the multitude, broken only by the bursts of applause which greeted the utmost stretch of their "fanaticism." A spirit is awakened in the Old Bay State, at which the tyrants, both North and South, may well tremble.

There was more than usual harmony. Even that "flea of Conventions," Abigail Folsom, failed to distract attention from the object of the meeting. The people came to listen and to learn, and not to be amused. Once it was found necessary to remove her, but excepting the slight disturbance which this occasioned for the moment, it had no other effect. Nobody protested, and nobody, of course, found it necessary to defend an act, the propriety of which was so apparent. The time has passed when the people rejoice at any and every obstacle which can be thrown in our way. They begin to learn that this is matter in which their dearest rights and interests are involved. But a full account will appear in the next paper of this occasion, which has filled all hearts with gladness, and strengthened our hopes almost into certainty that the end we seek is almost gained. It needs only to arouse the people to their own, and the slaves' wrongs, and the speedy overthrow of Slavery is certain. The people *are* arousing.

Kentucky.

Another attempt has been made to call a Convention in Kentucky, for the purpose of amending the Constitution. This, like the attempts which have preceded it, failed, so jealous is the slave power of any encroachment on its prerogative. The following extract, from a letter to the Cincinnati Gazette, will be read with interest. The writer appears to be a Kentuckian, and can hardly be expected to see that this latest attempt to curtail, in some slight measure, the slave power, came so near being successful, and, indeed, was only made, in obedience to the spirit which "modern fanaticism" has raised, and which modern diabolism cannot lay. These are things which mark the progress of our cause, and which we hail with more pleasure and more hope than those in his position can, because we see clearly their cause and their effects. He "religiously believes" that were it not for the Abolitionists, the people of Kentucky would be prepared in five years to *begin* to do something for gradual emancipation. I believe, no less religiously, that within the same period, they will be prepared to finish the work of immediate abolition, because the Abolitionists have done what they have:

"The House, to-day, had close voting on a bill to take the sense of the people in regard to calling a Convention to amend the Constitution of the State. A motion to lay on the table was lost by yeas forty to nays forty-three, not a full house; but on the question to read the bill a second time, it was rejected by a tie vote, forty-four to forty-four. This puts an end to the question this session, the Constitution requiring such a law to be passed in the first twenty days of the session, and the rules forbidding the same bill to be introduced again during the session, after being once rejected. Possibly the rejected bill might be reconsidered during the next five days; but it requires a majority of all elected to pass it. I think if the House were full, a small majority would be found against it. There are some provisions in our Constitution which seriously require revision. The County Courts are virtually self-creating and self-perpetuating bodies, a very bad feature in our system. The "three days' elections" are an erroneous grievance; and there are other evils which produce groanings. But these evils are borne rather than subject the tenure of Slavery to being weakened.

The advocates of Slavery are alarmed whenever a Convention is talked of; and they cry out wolf! wolf! wolf! at once. But plausible evasions and subterfuges cannot much longer avail, and they who are deluding themselves now, will be the sorest amazed of any, when, as will inevitably be the case ere long, the *people*, urged alike by interest and principle, by duty and patriotism, shall require a Convention to be called. It cannot be disguised, if it were desirable so to do, that the people of Kentucky are growing more dissatisfied with Slavery every day. Nothing but the Abolition agitation, by Northern fanatics, has prevented the agitation of the question of Emancipation in Kentucky. Men of all opinions, in regard to the evils, or the fancied blessings of Slavery, have felt equal resentment against external interference in the matter. If Abolition agitators would leave us to manage our own affairs, and the exasperating crime of kidnapping slaves were stopped, I religiously believe the people of Kentucky, in five years, would be prepared to take measures, for gradual, prospective Emancipation. And they will eventually do justice to themselves at any rate, though experience proves it is in the power of fanatics to obstruct and retard their action. A Convention would have been called ere now, but for the alarms in regard to the disposition of the Slavery question. The slaveholding and slave-perpetuating interest, however, is daily losing its relative power. The longer the call of a Convention is delayed, the worse for them upon their own views. That interest would be stronger in a Convention *now*, than it can be at any future day. I am opposed on other grounds to the immediate call of a Convention; but those who wish delay for fear of prospective Emancipation, stand in their own light."

The circumstances under which this attempt was made, are detailed in the following paragraph from another source:

"The project of repealing the law of 1833, prohibiting the importation of slaves, was rejected on the 11th instant, by a decisive vote. There was a little bill up, authorizing Frederic Nana to import a slave, and it was stated to be a *peculiar* case. Mr. Glenn, of Todd, moved a substitute, authorizing any person to import slaves under certain prescribed restrictions, namely: that the slaves were imported not as merchandise, and providing that such slaves should not be liable to execution. But the House was not of his opinion: for his substitute was, to all intents and purposes, virtually a thorough repeal of the law of 1833. The substitute was laid on the table by yeas, fifty-two; nays, forty. And a number of bills allowing individuals to import slaves, under peculiar circumstances, were also decisively rejected. The Senate is firmer against the Repeal this year, than it was the last, and the project of repealing the law of 1833 may be considered defeated.

Another Letter from C. M. Clay.

The Frankfort Commonwealth contains the following letter. It is clear, and to the point, and must exercise an influence, in common with his other acts, which we can hardly calculate, who are not in the very midst of a slaveholding community:

T. B. Stevenson, Esq:

SIR: I ask the liberty to make through your columns a summary statement of my views upon the subject of Slavery. By a portion of the people of this State, I never expect to be fairly represented. To the great mass of the people, who have no *interest* in suppressing truth, I would appeal against the calumnies of unscrupulous partisans.

Slavery is a municipal institution. It exists by no other right and tenure than the Constitution of Kentucky.

I am opposed to depriving slaveholders of their slaves, by any other than constitutional and legal means. Of course, then, I have no sympathy for those who would liberate the slaves of Kentucky in other ways. I have no connection with any man, or set of men, who would sanction or undertake the illegal liberation of slaves; and I feel bound, by my allegiance to the State of Kentucky, to resist (by force, if necessary,) all such efforts.

Whilst I hold that the United States Constitution has no power to establish Slavery in the District of Columbia, or in the Territories, or in any place of its exclusive supremacy; so I contend, that in the States, once admitted into the Union, and thereby become *sovereign* and *independent*, Congress has no power or right to interfere with, or touch Slavery, without the legitimate consent of the States.

I believe that the addition of new *slave States*, or *slave territory*, to this Union, is *unconstitutional* and impossible.

I am the avowed and uncompromising enemy of Slavery, and shall never cease to use all constitutional, and honorable, and just means, to cause its extinction in Kentucky, and its reduction to its constitutional limits in the United States.

Born a Kentuckian, and a slaveholder, I have no prejudices nor enmities to gratify; but, impelled by a sense of self-respect, love and justice, and the *highest expediency*, I shall ever maintain that *liberty* is our only safety.

For the freedom of speech, and of the press, I never shall cease to battle while life lasts. If there is any Kentuckian so base as to yield these constitutional and glorious privileges, without which it is the veriest mockery to talk of being a free people, I envy him not: A slave to slaves, let him sodden in his infamy. With such I hold no fellowship—from such I ask no quarter. All I ask is an open field and a fair fight.

Your obedient servant, C. M. CLAY.

Frankfort, Ky. Jan. 8, 1845.

Capt. Ricketson.

This man, who returned the fugitive who had taken refuge on board his vessel, is meeting with the execration his infamous conduct so richly merits. Pro-slavery as Massachusetts is, there are few who will uphold so meanly wicked an act as this. The following letter appears in the last Liberator. The writer is a son of the late Joseph Ricketson, one of the earliest advocates of the Anti-Slavery cause. The noble testimony of the son, is worthy the character of the father.

TO THE PUBLIC.

As the conduct of Capt. Gilbert Ricketson, of the schooner Cornelia, of this port, in returning a slave who had secreted himself on board said vessel, which also resulted in the imprisonment of a free colored man, a citizen of New Bedford, has caused considerable, and unjust animadversion on the part of many, I am desirous, as an owner of said vessel, as far as my own interest is concerned, to say, that I had much rather it would have been jeopardized, or even lost forever, than such an act, in which I might in any wise have been connected, should have occurred.

I have been laboring under a fit of sickness for some time, or I should have made my views public before.

JOSEPH RICKETSON.

New-Bedford, 1 m. 17th, 1845.

At a public meeting held in New Bedford, the following resolution was offered by John Bailey, and unanimously passed:

That the disclaimer of Joseph Ricketson, son of our lamented townsman, Joseph Ricketson, and one of the owners of the schooner Cornelia, proves him to be a worthy son of a noble sire, and meets our warmest approbation, and merits the thanks of this meeting.

Whipping-in.

The Richmond Enquirer talks very plainly to the faithful, and warns them of the consequences of being faithless. There will be no *pap* for those who are not ready to do the bidding of the slave-mongers. The Boston Post, the leading Democratic paper of Massachusetts, has gained a new impulse within a week past, perhaps from this very paragraph, and forbids the brethren there from committing so wicked an act as attending the Anti-Texas Convention, which was held, probably, yesterday, in Faneuil Hall. The Morning News, of this city, has always been faithful, but the Evening Post won't be whipped in. The following is the paragraph from the Enquirer:

"We rejoice that those *deserting Democrats*, who oppose this vital question, which Mr. Polk so anxiously desires to be settled at this session, WILL HAVE NOTHING TO EXPECT *from his Administration*. Those Northern Democrats who avail themselves of this critical contest with our great transatlantic rival, to indulge their fanatical hatred of the South, will find themselves mistaken in their calculations—marked by a great national sentiment in their turn—and we dare to say, that if they *should defeat us*, we shall have, at least, the consolation of knowing, that they will be, hereafter, defeated in their own aspirations."

Mr. Hubbard.

The Governor of Louisiana, thus concludes his Message transmitting Mr. Hubbard's letters to the Legislature:

In connection with this subject, I have thought it not amiss to transmit for your consideration, two letters from a person claiming to be the agent for this city, under the resolutions. This is done, not because the individual or his letters are deemed worthy of your notice, nor with any design to give eclat to his mission; but that they may possibly indicate the expediency of such further legislation, as may guard the State in future, from the intrusion of any such emissary. A. MOUTON.

MEXICO.—Later intelligence from Mexico has been received, by which it appears that the rumor of the defeat of Santa Anna by Paredes, is unfounded. Santa Anna has under his command an army of twelve thousand men.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25, 1845.

The defaulting Clerk has been held to bail in the sum of $15,000. I understand his political friends at a distance have sent in already, the sum of $30,000 towards making up the deficiency.

On Monday, the 20th, the Texas question begins to look very sectional. The Committee was addressed by Mr. Hammett, of Mississippi, whose speech amounted to Texas—re-annexation—ruin—annexation—disunion.

Mr. Hudson made a most argumentative dispassioned Anti-Slavery expose. He was followed by little Marsh, of Vermont, who came thundering down on the South severely. He was followed by that strong Southern man, Mr. Rhett, of South Carolina, in his most able style, in a speech on the constitutionality and expediency of Annexation. Under the former head, the ingenuity of an able lawyer, was vainly displayed, and under the latter, the eloquence of an expert beggar was patriotically arrayed.

Mr. Giddings made one of his plain anti-slavery speeches, in which he said he had been expelled from the House for introducing the subject of Slavery into it, and now that it was agitated by Southern men, he hoped he would be permitted to express his views, and he was not about to propose that they should be expelled. Mr. G. spoke of the lash, of chains, and Slavery; cited awful scenes which have occurred in the city under his eye; spoke of the bastile here, from whence ascends daily, the clank of chains, and the groans of a downtrodden race. And, asked Mr. G., "Will Annexation put an end to all this?"

Each speech occupies an hour, to which they are limited. The House meets now at 11, and the debate on Texas is to end on Saturday, the 25th, at 2 o'clock. When a speaker concludes, some thirty members spring to the floor at the fall of the Chairman's hammer. It is indeed interesting to attend the debate, to see the spirit with which it is conducted, and to see them take new tracks. I will keep this letter open until its fate is decided.

Mr. Rathbun, a Democrat, from New-York, next addressed the Committee against Texas, Slavery, and the assumption by the House, of powers not delegated to them, as well as against setting themselves up as a court of appeals, to reverse the decision of the Senate, to whom, and the President alone, belonged the treaty-making power. And this would be a treaty to all intents and purposes. He was out upon the whole scheme. Southern men had said here, that the Governor of New-York was trembling on his throne, in view of his vote against Annexation in the Senate. Let him say to them that Mr. Wright stands too high for their meagre arrows. He is deeply seated in the hearts of his countrymen, and he was elected Governor by an anti-Texas vote of ten thousand majority. If the Texas question had been before the people of New-York, in the last election, it could not have mustered a corporal's guard. "Wright is never wrong."

A fierce debate sprung up to-day, in the morning hour. Mr. Robinson, of New-York, introduced a bill for the Annexation of Texas, partly free. A motion was immediately made to reject the bill. They were thrown into confusion, but finally the bill was received and referred to the Committee of the Whole, as the rest had been. But it gave opportunity for some of the opponents of Annexation, to express their most bitter opposition. Andrew Stewart, of Pennsylvania, said a Southern man by the old compromise, who had five hundred slaves, had as many votes as three hundred of the intelligent freemen of the North. He was bound to abide by this as long as the Constitution remained unaltered, but the proposition to extend such a compromise over foreign territory, and bring it into this Union! it was impudence. Also, in this morning hour, were presented by Mr. Tilden, of Ohio, as well as by Mr. Allen in the Senate, those powerful resolutions of the Ohio Legislature, against the Annexation of Texas to the United States. They were read, ordered to be printed, and referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

To-day the Committee was addressed also by Mr. Cobb, Democrat, from Georgia, in favor of the resolutions. He declared it was *ungenerous* for the gentleman from New-York, to offer a proposition to fix a free State in amongst them.

Mr. Pollock, of Pennsylvania, Whig, spoke against the resolutions.

Mr. Haralson, Democrat, from Georgia, spoke in favor of the bill.

Mr. Collamer, Whig, from Vermont, against the bill.

Mr. Seymour, Democrat, of New-York, expressed his desire for Annexation, but was opposed to the expedients proposed for affecting it.

Mr. Hamlin, Democrat, from Maine, opposed it, unless it was so done, that the North, as well as the South, should be satisfied.

On the 24th, Mr. Dromgoole spoke in favor of the bill, and Mr. Barnard, of New-York, and Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, powerfully against it. Whilst Mr. A. was speaking, the members from all parts of the House drew near, and listened to him with the most marked attention. He came in at a good time to the rescue, and knocked from under them many of the props on which they had built. I have not room for my notes of his speech to-day.

O. I. C. U.

P. S. Half-past four, the final vote on the Texas question, was this moment taken, and the result—yeas 120, nays 98.

It was amended so as to admit free territory.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from Dec. 29, 1844, *to Jan.* 18, 1845.

Peter Wilson, New-York,			50
Nancy Baker, Bridgewater, N. Y.			2 00
Caleb Kelton, Coventry, R. I.			4 00
Godfrey Whleock, Attleboro, Mass.			1 00
Hannah B. Shove, Providence, R. I.			25
William Chace,	"	"	3 00
Thomas Davis,	"	"	2 25
Henry A. Howland,	"	"	1 50
Elisha M. Aldrich,	"	"	1 50
Francis Aplin,	"	"	1 50
Wm. H. Anthony,	"	"	1 50
John H. Clark,	"	"	1 50
Hannah B. Shove,	"	"	1 50
E. K. Rathbone,	"	"	1 50
Alphonso R. James,	"	"	75
Nicholas G. Potter,	"	"	3 00
E. O. Warren,	"	"	2 37
Cyrus P. Bowen,	"	"	87
Alexander Burgess,	"	"	1 50
John Stokes,	"	"	1 37
Adam Anthony,	"	"	69
Benj. Anthony,	"	"	1 37
Henry Jenckes,	"	"	1 25
Wm. J. Babcock,	"	"	1 50
Joseph Chace,	"	"	75
Wm. B. Goodenaw, Hubbardstown, Mass.			4 00
Rev. Dr. Thompson, Barre, Mass.			2 00
William Hurd, Harveysburg, Ohio,			4 00
Rev. R. Hutchinson, Locust Grove, Adams County, Ohio,			5 00
B. Franklin, Wilmington, Ohio,			2 00
P. S. Kenyan, Middleville, N. Y.			2 00
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W. H. H. Bingham, Stowe, Vt.			1 00
James Russell Lowell, Cambridge, Mass.			2 00
Catharine B. Norton, Abington, Mass.			2 00
A. Snow, Cambridgeport, Mass.			1 66
J. Coolridge, Jr. Watertown, Mass,			4 00
Weymouth A. S. Society, Weymouth, Mass.			2 00
Dr. Joseph Sargent, Worcester, Mass.			4 00
Wm. Martin, Portsmouth, N. H.			2 00
Henry Nowell,	"	"	2 00
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Reuben Overman, Marion, Grant co. Ia.			1 00
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Isaac G. Stevens, Newport, R. I.			1 00
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R. D. Webb Dublin, Ireland,			2 50
Subscribers in Cork,	"		5 00
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R. Randolph, New Lisbon, Ohio,			2 00
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E. Hutchinson, Haverhill, Mass.			1 00
P. Cuddeback, Poplar Ridge, N. Y.			2 00
Seth Sprague, Duxbury, Mass.			3 00
Clark Spaulding, Borodino, N. Y.			2 00
Butler Wilmarth, Milford, Mass.			2 00
Mrs. John Parkman, Boston,			2 00
			—153 49
Donations.			
Hannah B. Shove, Providence, (pledge,)			1 00
Rev. Dr. Thompson, Barre, Mass.			1 00
By Abby Kelly,—			
Collection at Pineville, Bucks Co. Pa.			5 30
" Attleborough,	"	"	80
Joseph Hampton, Buckingham,	"	"	1 00
Collection at New Hope,	"	"	2 20
J. P. Magill, Salsbury,	"	"	1 00
Isaiah Michener, Plumstead,	"	"	50
Friends in	"	"	1 50
C. Scarborough,	"	"	50
Sarah W. Childs,	"	"	1 50
John Good,	"	"	37
Mahlon Smith,	"	"	50
George Chapman, Wrightstown,		"	2 00
Charles Smith, Plumstead,	"	"	1 00
Contribution Lionville, Chester Co.		"	34
Eliza B. Walton, Fallowfield,	"	"	50
Lydia H. Barnard,	"	"	25
Susan Fulton,	"	"	50
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Friends in	"	"	8 00
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Nathan Walton, McWilliamston,		"	50
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Contribution at Kennet,	"	"	2 50
Joseph Fussell, Jr.	"	"	50
A friend, Kennet Square,	"	"	2 00
Hannah Chandler,	"	"	37
Hannah Gause,	"	"	50
Samuel Gause,	"	"	50
Mary Scarlett,	"	"	1 00
Jacob P. Cox,	"	"	50
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T. Hannum,	"	"	25
Friends in	"	"	6 63
Phebe Darlington, West Chester,		"	3 00
Ann Preston, West Grove,	"	"	1 00
Elizabeth R. Lewis, Hamorton,	"	"	50
Contribution at Bart, Lancaster Co.		"	12 31
Ezekiel P. Highgate, Marple, Delaware Co.			5 00
Pledges,			
James Russell Lowell, Cambridge, Mass.			5 00
Charles Butter, Newburyport, Mass.			10 00
Lynn A. S. Sewing Circle, by L. Breed,			25 00
			—109 69
Total amount received			$263 18

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

LECTURES OF THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

The Second Lecture will be delivered on Friday evening next, 31st instant, at 8 o'clock, at No. 161 Duane Street, by Mr. Junius C. Morel, of Newark, N. J. Subject, "Truth's Triumph."

Admittance Free.

PETITIONS,—PETITIONS! RHODE ISLAND.

It has been thought best by the Executive Committee of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society to issue the following forms of petition for signature

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

TO THE ADHERENTS OF THE FREE CHURCH.

BY OSWALD MURRAY.

Are ye, too, slaves to Southern gold,
Are ye, too, to be bought and sold;
And shall your coward priests defence
Of Slavery, for its recompense,
Go forth to that unhappy clime
Of wrong and cruelty and crime,
With your authority, your name,
To consecrate the deed of shame!

Shall n w the tyrant slave-whip crack
On man's tired limbs and woman's back;
Shall now the midnight air, shriek-riven,
Bear woman's insult up to heaven;
Shall now the fetter tighter bind
The liberties of human kind;
Shall now the year of Jubilee
For these poor victims, farther be
Driven on in dim futurity;
And shall your lips and consciences
Be bought the bloody thing to bless
By an ignoble bribe like this,
Because your priests are pleased to hold
The master's hand for his vile gold?

By all the holy ties that start,
Impulsively in human heart;
By all the love our fathers bore
For liberty in days of yore;
By all the hills in this wide land,
Where tyrant's foot could never stand;
By all the heroes who have died
Freely on trampled freedom's side;
By all the voices God implants
In the free soul for right that pants;
By all the joys and all the woes,
By all of human hopes and throes
That yet within your bosom live
Now, to the world your answer give!

SCOTLAND, Nov. 1844.

ODE TO THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CHURCH ON CASTE AND SLAVERY.

BY AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

What ties can equal those which bind
The mother to her newborn child,
Rivet her heart, and chain her mind
To that lov'd babe, so weak, so mild!
How watchfully her gentle eye
Follows through each succeeding year;
How bright her smile—how deep her sigh
Of eager hope or anxious fear.
How wildly throbs the mother's heart
When fate ordains that they must part,
And bids her child unaided brave
The storms of life's tempestuous wave!
How sad her grief—how keen her shame
If, deaf to conscience, dead to fame,
That child her cherished hopes belie,
Betray his country or his GOD deny.

Such hast thou done.—Thy words I trow
Are bold and honest, free and fair.
The amaranth chaplet 's on thy brow;
But, oh! the canker nestles there.
And thou art seated 'neath the tree—
The tree of life—and pluck'st the fruit,
And wilt not look, and canst not see
That death is busy at the root.
Think'st thou that words with GOD avail,
Where deeds of love and mercy fail;
That go dly fo ms and holy creeds
Atone for evil thoughts and deeds;
That faith, however pure and high,
Can change the sinner's destiny,
Unless he, first repentance show,
And learn the right to *do*, as well as *know*.

He who his Lord's commandment knew,
And did it not, shall suffer more.
The barren faith all coldly true
Hath darker, fiercer woes in store.
Thy sons, O Nineveh, shall rise
In judgment at that awful hour
'Gainst those who saw with heedless eyes
His truth, His goodness, and His power.
And darker than Gomorrah's doom
Shall be thy fate Capernaum;
And deeper in the lake of fire
Chorazin sink than heathen Tyre;
And darker, darker, darker still
The fiery dungeon they shall fill,
Who Christ's in name, in deed outvie
The foulest crimes of heathen days gone by.

Hark! to the cry whose shuddering wail,
In fearful tones of mingled pain,
Borne on the hoarse southwestern gale,
Sweeps o'er the wide Atlantic main.
The groans of those who bear that yoke,
Whose tortures soul and body feel,
The victim's cry beneath the stroke,
The burning brand, the maiming steel,—
The infant sever'd from the breast,
Its fount of life—its couch of rest;
The ties which GOD forbids to sever,
Despis'd, neglected, rent forever;
The helpless maiden's virgin charms,
Doom'd by the hammer to the villain's arms;
And all which marks that system well,
The foulest blot of earth—the masterpiece of hell!

And can it be thy treacherous ear
Is deaf to nature's piercing cry—
And canst thou pause, or doubt, or fear
To raise thy warning voice on high?
Yes!—Thou canst hear with frigid air
The widow's wail, the victim's groan;
Nor pause even here, but boldly dare
To make the shame and guilt thine own.
Thy voice, alas, not simply still
Is heard defending deeds of ill;
Thy arm is bar'd in open light
Against the cause of truth and right;
And thou hast dar'd—(oh crime, whose dark excess
Thoughts scarce can overpass or speech express)—
To weave with hellish thread the vest divine,
And place the price of blood upon JEHOVAH'S shrine!

Child of our fond and ardent love,
Child of our anxious hope and fear,
Think on the martyr'd saints above
Who weep thy guilt with many a tear.
What! Did they dread the tyrant's frown?
What! Did they fear the infuriate crowd?
Or at an idol's shrine bow down
Because his votaries tongues were loud?
Not such the hearts of those whose names
Are hallow'd by the heathen's flames,
Whose spirits rose on angel wings
Unto the mighty King of kings.
Of stronger, sterner element were made
The living stones on Zion's walls display'd;
They fear'd not man's command to chain or slay;
Their's was a mightier fear—they fear'd the judgment day!

Queen of the Western world, relent!
Hark, and receive the victim's prayer;
Belov'd, though guilty child, repent
Whilst mercy still hath power to spare.
Thy days are number'd—on the wall
The hand begins to write even now;
Refuse—delay—and thou shalt fall
With Cain's own brand upon thy brow.
Then let thy hand no longer hold
The ruddy blood-polluted gold;
And let thy heart no longer cling
In fondness to the accursed thing.
No more by guilt or fear deterr'd,
Loud be the voice of warning heard;
And let the glorious burden be
"JESUS HATH RISEN, AND MAN IS FREE!"

Miscellany.

From Hood's Magazine.

INCIDENTS AND IMPRESSIONS OF A DAY'S TRIP TO CALAIS.

BY F. O. WARD.

[CONCLUDED.]

After breakfast, next morning, I walked down to the Great *Place*, in the centre of the town, and found the weekly market going on.

Market-day, in a French provincial town, is like a morning call paid by Agriculture to Commerce. The country-folks visit the citizens, not merely to barter the fruits of the soil for the produce of human industry, but to interchange pleasant conversation and mutual civilities. As I went up and down, first among the stalls of fruit, and vegetables, and flowers, from the country, then among the towns-people's booths of calico, and crockery, and hardware, I overheard many a cheerful snatch of gossip between the stout, bronzed peasant-girl, and the fairer and slenderer Calaisienne: the former, decked out in her red stuff-skirt, blue stockings, striped jerkin, and bright hood of printed calico, formed by a kerchief folded corner-wise over the head; the latter, usually enveloped in a stuff cloak, clasped close about the neck, and always bearing her marketing-basket in her hand.

The extreme vivacity—the smiles and eager gesticulations with which these good folks negotiated every bargain; the enthusiasm which they threw into the description of a cauliflower's beauty—or the sale of a bunch of lettuces; the merry laughter and animated discussions with which the intervals of their dealing were filled up, distinguished the whole proceeding from the phlegmatic trafficking of our English boors, and made it seem more like some fete, or flower-show, than a mere weekly market.

I was watching a remarkably handsome flower-girl, who stood, with glowing cheeks and happy, sparkling eyes, arranging her bunches of flowers on a narrow stall,

"——— a rose
In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil."

She had let a nosegay fall, and laughing, was in act to pick it up,—when the apparition of a creature, the most hideous in human form that I ever beheld, diverted my regard.

It was a little old woman, bent nearly double; her face a formless mass of filth-incrusted wrinkles; her eyes, two small red holes, with tarnished lead at the bottom; her mouth, a blue slit; her covering a heap of loathsome rags. In one hand she carried a basket, the other she stretched forth for alms. Mumbling and jabbering to herself, she moved slowly through the market, renewing at every stall her mute, mechanical appeal, and scarcely ever, I observed, in vain. One gave her a potato, another an onion, others an apple, a lettuce, a carrot: I saw no one give her money. She returned no thanks, but mumbled continually to herself; and whatever she received, she threw, as if by instinct, into the basket. The flower-girl gave her a rose-bud, making signs to her to smell it. She did not even look at it; but, still mumbling, dropped it into the basket with the rest.

When she had disappeared in the crowd, I inquired her history of an old potato-woman, and learned that she had lost her reason many years ago, through the ill-usage of her husband, who brought her to beggary, and then deserted her. "She lives all the week," said the potato-woman, "on what she collects in the market: she begs mostly of us women; and the little we can spare we never refuse; for, as Monsieur will reflect, we know what hunger is, and we may all come to sorrow ourselves."

As she spoke, I observed near a fruit-stall, at a little distance, two women engaged in a more than usually animated dialogue. One was evidently the keeper of the stall, the other a customer, and the subject of their eager discussion was a large apple. The stall-keeper, with innumerable nods and shrugs, and rapid vivacious utterance, was explaining something about this apple, which she turned round and round in one hand, pointing with the other, as if to an inscription on its surface. The customer, whom I judged to be a servant-girl, was eagerly putting questions, and, from time to time, spread her hands in surprise and satisfaction.

Not the graven apple which engendered feud among the gods—fruit, from whose fatal seeds sprang Troy's disastrous war; not Atalanta's apple; not the apple which man ate, and fell; not the apple which Newton saw—and spake eternal words; not one nor all of these illustrious apples could have dilated, with wider wonder, the damsel's eager eyes.

I approached and looked at the apple, which was encircled with this inscription, with brown indented letters:—

"*Jesu Maria priez pour Nous et nos Peches.*"

Herein lay the mystery; and the fruit-woman's animated explanation divulged how she had done it with a pin when the apple was yet young; how the wounds, healing up, left brown scars; and how the letters and the fruit enlarged together,—not without a certain crooking and contortion of the former.

At length the servant-girl, hesitating much, and fumbling long in her pocket, her eyes continually fixed upon the apple,—drew forth two sous, and bought it.

While she was reading the inscription round and round, the old madwoman came up, still mumbling hideously; and stopping opposite the girl, stretched forth her basket for alms.

The lass felt in her pocket, and shook her head. Still the madwoman mumbled; and still she held forth her basket.

The girl looked at the madwoman; then at the apple—it was a long look;—then at the madwoman again; hesitated: and then, suddenly depositing the fruit in the basket, walked hastily away.

"Catholic or Protestant," thought I, with emotion, "the prayer that is written on that apple will ascend, with all its faults, and not be rejected in heaven!"

Quitting the market, I entered the Hotel de Ville, and looked round the State Department under the guidance of an old woman, who seemed impressed with a deep belief in its grandeur and gorgeousness, though it was, in fact, but a moderate-sized room, rather tawdrily fitted up. She was describing a great picture of the Siege of Calais, with a vivacity which, like her phrases, seemed habitual,—a sort of enthusiasm got by heart; and I was paying great attention,—less indeed to her description than to the curious psychological phenomenon of her half real, half routine earnestness, when a grey-headed old man, with a bunch of keys in his hand, came in.

"If Monsieur will take the trouble to ascend the tower," said he, "I will show him the clock-work and the chimes."

I followed him up a long narrow spiral staircase: and at length, creeping through a trap-door, found myself in the bowels of a turret clock; over which hung a set of bells, provided with hammers, on which the clock-work acted by wires.

The old man contemplated the mechanism with complacency; then looked at me, evidently to enjoy my astonishment and admiration.

I was about to speak, when a detent flew back, and a whizzing sound took place among the wheels.

"Hush," cried the old man, pointing eagerly upward; "listen!—the clock is going to strike; in a moment you will hear the chimes and see them at work!"

The great bell thundered One! and the chimes began to limp through the melody of "La pauvre Jeanne."

The old man stood, with closed eyes and lifted hand, beating time with his foot to the measure; and when it was ended he drew a long breath, and looked at me again.

"Capital!" said I, willing to humor his fancy.

"Ah!" said he, with a sigh, "if Monsieur could have heard them fifty years ago, when I was young! Those were the days of music. Now, one of the bells is dumb. But we all grow old."

I had indeed noticed several hideous gaps in the tune, occasioned by the recurring deficiency of a particular note.

"Which is the bell that is dumb?" I inquired.

He pointed it out; and I perceived that the hammer, falling a little on one side, caught on a projecting iron, instead of striking the bell; here lay all the mischief—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*.

Picking up a piece of string, I tied one end of it to the dislocated hammer, and the other to an adjacent beam. Having thus restored the hammer to its right position, I lifted it and let it fall. It struck full and true upon the bell, which yielded a sonorous tone—the first, perhaps, for half a century.

The old man was incredulous of the cure, till the next chime rang out without halt or imperfection; and then he fell into an ecstacy. The tears came into his eyes, and I thought he would have hugged me.

"So they chimed when I was a boy," cried he—"so they chimed the day that I was married; so they chimed the night that my little Pauline was born———".

The happy recollections seemed to crowd too fast upon him, and to choke his utterance. * *

"There is no such music!" he exclaimed at last, with a smile on his quivering lip.

I looked with some pride on my handiwork—the bit of string that could thus not only heal the gaps of a disjointed melody, but stretch across the blank chasms of a lifetime, and join the scattered music of an old man's memory.

A visit to the cathedral, a walk round the ramparts, and an excursion on the pier, brought me to dinner-time. When it fell dark, I sallied forth to ascend the light-house, which stands on high ground in the centre of the town. A poor woman, living in the basement of the tower, sent her little boy to light me up the spiral staircase; at the top I found a narrow door; and, dismissing my guide, I knocked.

"*Qui Vive?*" cried a voice within.

"*Un Anglais*," I replied.

The door opened, and an old man, erect and vigorous, with grizzled hair, admitted me.

I found myself in a small, round chamber, nearly filled with wheel-work, supported on a great wooden stand. The stand was hollow inside, and in the cavity was a narrow bed, immediately under the clank—clank—clank of the heavy pendulum.

"Do you sleep in that noise?" said I.

"I couldn't sleep out of it," he replied. "Its stopping for an instant would wake me from the deepest sleep. *Au reste*, I sleep seldom."

"You have been a soldier?" said I.

"I *am* a soldier, Monsieur."

"You have seen a good deal of service, probably?"

He went to the opposite side of the stand, on which were pasted a map of Europe, and a gaudily-colored print of Napoleon. Holding a candle to the map, he set his broad thumb on Lombardy; on Egypt; on Germany; on the Peninsula; on Moscow—where he made a long pause; then, turning to the print, he planted his thumb full on Napoleon's breast; and looked at me with a grim smile.

"You loved him?" said I.

"*Parbleu!*" he cried,—"I would have died for him."

When he withdrew his thumb, I observed that that central spot of the print was darkened and worn by its visits—as a shrine by pilgrim knees.

"You like fighting?" I inquired.

"*Au contraire—je le deteste!*" said he, with emphasis.

"If *he* were alive," said I, pointing, "would you follow him to battle?"

"*A l'enfer!*" he exclaimed.

"And why, if you abhor fighting?"

"Because it would be Napoleon!"

"But how came you to care so much for him, if you hate fighting?"

"*Mon Dieu!* how do I know. I loved him the first day I saw him."

"When was that?"

"We had drawn up for review. We were conscripts. We did not know the exercise. I was then sixteen. I trembled at the thought of fighting. He rode down the ranks. There was a smile on his face. As he passed, he cried, *Courage, mes enfans! soyez braves, et nous vous ferons vous soldats—vous autres aussi!* That moment my heart changed I felt eager to fight—to conquer. His smile was enough."

"And suppose there was a war between France and England——."

"God forbid!" he interposed.

"But if there were, should you still be eager to fight?"

"*Oh! non—non—non!*" said he, shaking his head vehemently.

"What, not for the glory of France!"

"France has glory enough," said he.

"You a soldier, and say so!" I rejoined, willing to try him to the utmost. "Why the very newspaper editors in Paris, many of them, recommend war. They write with the greatest fire. In London there were even clergymen, who met the other day and spoke in favor of war. They spoke with remarkable spirit."

"They have not seen war," said he; "I have. They have no old wounds, aching like mine with the changes of the weather. They have never bivouacked on marshy ground—and lain raging with fever in an African hospital. They have never wiped from their faces, the brains of a comrade. They have never heard the shrieks of a burning village. *Croyez-moi*, Monsieur, a soldier who has done his duty can never recommend war!"

There was a pause, during which I fancy his memory was busy with old times; for at intervals he shook his head.

"Never!" repeated the man, with a sigh.

"And if *he* recommended it?" said I, pointing to the print.

"*C'est different!*" said the soldier, quickly. And there was the grim smile again!

"*Eh bien!*" said I, "*moutons.*"

He pushed up a trap-door; and by a ladder climbed into the chamber above; I following.

It was a great lantern, glazed with thick plate glass. A vertical axis, rising in the middle, supported on transverse arms six lamps with burnished reflectors, which turned steadily round, completing one revolution, (as he told me,) in every minute and a half.

The reflectors, concentrating the light, shed a misty, luminous streak obliquely downward through the air, like a ray from behind a cloud. This ray moved slowly in a vast circle round the town; now searching along the ramparts; now lighting with a mysterious gleam the roofs of distant houses. And still, as it travelled, object after object leapt into sudden relief out of the void—as at a creative touch; relapsing with equal suddenness to blank obscurity. One moment a sentinel was revealed—the next, a red chimney, with its curling smoke—then a gleaming window—then a tree. Once in every revolution, the quaint white cupulo of the town-hall caught the full glare, and hung for a moment in the air, like a hideous distorted skull. But over the distant sea the light peered vainly out, swallowed up in the darkness ere it reached the waves; like an eye baffled with infinity. And all the while I heard the great pendulum throbbing under my feet; and the sea, at a distance, lapping on the beach; and the vague murmurs of the town, a hundred feet below me.

Looking down, the streets showed, as bright intersecting lines on a dark map beneath; a great map drawn with phosphorus. As it grew later the bright lines faded; here and there the map was effaced; at last all was dark. Only the great watchman, towering in the midst, still turned his prying lantern round, with calm unceasing vigilance.

"How many miles off can it be seen?" I inquired.

"Ten leagues, Monsieur. Sometimes more."

"And if one of the lights should chance to go out."

"*Jamais! impossible!*" he cried, with a sort of consternation at the bare hypothesis. "Tenez, Monsieur," said he, pointing to the ocean: "yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to every part of the world. If, to-night, one of my burners were out, within six months would come a letter—perhaps from India—perhaps from America—perhaps from some place I never heard of, saying, 'Such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim.' Ah! Monsieur; sometimes, in the dark nights, in the stormy weather, I look out to sea, and I feel as if the eyes of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out! burn dim! oh! *jamais!*"

"With how much dignity," thought I, "can enthusiasm invest even the meanest occupations; and how constantly the human heart, under every experiment of life, rises superior to its circumstances! What more monotonous drudgery can be conceived than this poor fellow's existence; pent in a narrow tower; burnishing his mirrors by day; trimming his lamps by night! And yet, as he stands, with excited imagination, in the midnight conflict of the elements, feeling the eyes of the world upon him; holding himself responsible to all nations; his function almost rises into the sublime—dilating to moral grandeur by the force of his own conceptions.

I rose early next morning, intending to start by the first boat to England. While we were preparing breakfast, I strolled through the court-yard of the hotel into the kitchen—a long room forming one side of the quadrangle.

The walls blazed with rows of copper stew-pans, highly burnished; ranging, in nice gradations of size, from comfortable elbow-room for a sheep to broil in, whole; down to the guage you would select to do one fritter. Among these, hung here and there, vessels and implements of more contorted shape, and apocalyptic meaning; culinary alembics, probably, to distil the finer flavors; "portentous engines and strange gins," applied when deep and obstinate essences are to be tortured forth, for princely degustation. They filled me with respect for the *chef de cuisine*; a meagre, thoughtful man, clad in pure white from head to foot; like to some antique hierarch, surpliced for sacrificial rites. He, with daring hand, had set a-going seventeen simultaneous pans; big, doubtless, with the fate of seventeen separate breakfasts. Among them his vigilant eye wandered up and down, active yet serene; like Goethe's planet, "without haste, without rest." Some of the plans were simmering tenderly; some frizzled in a louder key; some rumbled under cover; some, lidless, bubbled full in view. Each had its peculiar crisis, and doubtful turning-points; its special contingencies of failure and success. Yet all these complicated issues his clear mind kept apart, and severally fore-ruled. I noted with delight the nice discrimination of his artistic touches—so fine, yet so decisive. Into one pan he let fall a single drop from a cruet. Another he stirred with a spoon; frowned; and cast in three sorts of spice. One little one he tasted; and, with a smile, gently laid back the lid.

The morning's supplies of fruit, fish, and vegetables, were set forth on a table hard by. These raw materials of his art he inspected with fastidious eyes, as a painter criticises the setting of his palette. At this table a girl, with a pan of water before her, stood peeling turneps. The dull rinds fell off before the crisp passage of the knife; leaving in her hands pure snowballs; which, as fast as they were done, she set swimming in the clear water.

In a dish near the pan lay a heap of live shrimps; agitating their innumerable legs, and doubling up convulsively their speckled pellucid bodies: and among the shrimps was a little sole, about the bigness of the palm of your hand, which lay on its back and from time to time gave a vehement struggle.

When the girl raised her head I recognized her as my market acquaintance: the pretty flower-girl who gave the rosebud to the mad woman.

I wondered to see Flora thus invading Pomona's functions; and inquired how she, a flower-girl, came to be going astray after turneps?

"I am doing my cousin Josephine's work," she replied, laughing. "Josephine is a servant here, and has to work very hard. My work, minding flowers, is easy. So, when Josephine wants a holyday, I come to take her place."

"And the flowers, meanwhile?" said I.

"Oh! they do very well without minding for one day," she replied.

Just then the *chef* stirred a great bubbling pan of butter, and made it frizzle violently.

At the same moment the little sole happened to have a convulsion, and flung himself half over the edge of the dish. His half bent posture seemed particularly uncomfortable; so I took him up, and laid him flat on the table.

I was watching the little gasping creature, divided between pity for his misery, and admiration of the delicate pinkish hue that tinged his edges, when the flower-girl, espying it, cried with a laugh—

"*Ah! le petit drole! v'la une bonne bouche!* May I have it, *Monsieur le chef?*"

The *chef* nodded assent; handed her his scissors; and pointed to the bubbling pan of butter.

The girl took up the little fish; and, with the scissors, coolly cut off its tail; then, while it struggled violently, she clipped the tinted edges all round; and lastly, laying it on the table, she set her finger and thumb on its head and tail, and with a knife made two deep cuts across the spine. She then dropped it, still alive, into the boiling butter.

I stood aghast, gazing at her in horror.

She groped in the pan with a fork; and in a few moments brought it out on the prongs—crisp, rigid, curved—as its last agony had left it.

She took the little stiff corpse in her hand, and ate it: the pink fins still strewn upon the table.

The girl looked at me, with a smile, after she had munched her prey. Ugh! 'twas a repulsive, stony gaze,—a ghoulish smile; recalling the hideous apparation of the shuddering, mutilated fish.

So might the beautiful sorceress—the "fair girl" that "sang so sweetly to him in the dance"—have looked at Faust, when

"A red mouse in the middle of her singing
Sprang from her mouth!"

So might have leered that other mocking enchantress, who made Pan to tune his lamentable pipe—

"Singing how down the Vale of Menalus
He pursued a maiden and clasped a reed!"

But, "Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!"—happy, if never wakened from deeper dreams, by ruder disenchantments!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A Personal Recollection by the Author of Chatterton.

Some six years ago, whilst residing in London, I accompanied my friend, Dr. William Cooke Taylor—one of the best statistical writers in England—to a meeting of the Committee of the Literary Fund Society, in Leicester Square. Among those present were some of our most celebrated authors—indeed, all the book makers or book publishers. There was William Jerdan, with his tall, bony figure, and his hard features, standing by the side of, and conversing with, little Crofton Croker, author of the "Fairy Legends," whose smooth, bald head, and half comic expression, formed a striking contrast to the Magnate of the Literary Gazette. Sharon Turner, of "Middle Age," celebrity, sat thoughtfully at the table, whilst the prince of punsters, Hood, looked as dismal as if humor and himself were perfect strangers to each other. The author of the "Comic Annual" was evidently ill, and not long afterwards he told me that he "spit more blood and made more puns that any man in Christendom." Coningsby D'Israeli, dressed in the extreme of fashion, verging on fopism, lounged near a window, his glass screwed into his eye, quizzing the passengers below. No one could mistake the *Mosaic* origin of "Young England." He was strikingly handsome, and his head was beautifully formed. Poor John Galt, three parts paralyzed, limped into the room and sat down by the side of Dr. Maginn, who was dealing out wit and wisdom to a circle, comprising Morier, author of "Hajji Baba, Leigh Hunt, Douglass Jerrold, Paul Pry Poole, Laman Blanchard," and others whose names I forget. Hope, the author of Anastasius, was conversing quietly with Dr. Croly.

It sat watching with much interest the men from whose works I had derived pleasure and profit, when I heard a vehicle dash up to the door of the house, and looking out I saw a "stylish" *turn-out*. The cab was faultless in all its appointments—the blood horse and the "Tigers" themselves seemed to be the very aristocrats of their respective tribes—the white kid reins were gracefully thrown across the horses loins by a delicate primrose gloved hand, and a gentleman dressed with the most scrupulous attention, but not *over-dressed*, quitted the cab and in a moment afterwards entered the Committee-room. He exchanged, somewhat haughtily I thought, the usual courtesies with his fellow committee-men, and sauntered over to D'Israeli.

These two well-dressed authors, looked strangely among the rather negligent tribe around them—a fellow feeling seemed to have drawn them together: the new comer was Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

I believe some one has christened D'Isreali and him "the Siamese twins of Literature."

All this time I had been sitting near a mild, plainly-attired individual, who had not opened his mouth since I had been in his company. He was somewhat spare in the frame, and his countenance by no means striking; its chief characteristic was *pensiveness*. His hair, thin, and slightly curling, was of an iron-gray color. His dress was remarkably plain, consisting of simple, sober black—altogether the form and face was not one which would have caused more than a passing notice. Business had commenced, and had progressed for about half an hour, when Mr. Landon, the Secretary, (brother to L. E. L.) beckoned to the person I have endeavored to describe—and said,

"Mr. Campbell, do you approve of this resolution?"

Mr. Campbell! thought I, is that modest, unassuming man, who shrunk almost into a corner; can he be the Bard of Hope? I gazed and gazed again, and then, "by slow degrees came back" to my recollection the features which I had seen delineated, Lawrence. I wondered I had not noticed the resemblance of the original, to the portrait, before—but after all, it was not so much a matter of marvel, for Campbell had fallen into the "sere and yellow leaf," his walk was feeble, and his eyes somewhat dim—he had, too, that slight stoop in the shoulder, so common to studious men, whereas, in his engraved portrait he appears as a "tall proper man."

When the business in the afternoon terminated, at my request, Dr. Taylor introduced me to Campbell, who said many good things, told me he had read with great pleasure Galt's sonnet on my Life of Chatterton, and invited me to take tea with him on the following evening.

Mr. Campbell then resided in Leicester Square; and generally took all his meals in his library which adjoined his bed-room. He received me in the most friendly manner, and I speedily engaged in disposing of the "cup which cheers but not inebriates." Our conversation principally turned on poets, and their works—of Crabbe, I remember he spoke in the most enthusiastic terms. Keat's poems, he said, were too labored. The "Ode to a Nightingale," he considered his best production.

And what, Sir, I asked, is your opinion of Shelley?

"Shelley," he replied, "was a poet for poets only—few others could understand him. His works are like a shivered mirror—a collection of brilliant fragments."

After an interval of silence, he observed,

"After all, Goldsmith must, perhaps, be considered as one of our greatest poets. I read his works over every year with renewed pleasure. Nothing can exceed the pathos of some passages in his 'Deserted Village:' had he not been so indolent he might have written the *Return* to Auburn."

We then chatted on a multitude of subjects; actors, artists, and all manner of noticeable people were spoken of. I cannot call to mind half he said. One opinion which he gave, however, I perfectly remember. I asked him which he considered to be the most perfect poem in the English language?

"There is no poem," he replied, "taken as a whole, I think, so perfect as Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard; every line is a picture."

There was a most amiable feature in Campbell's colloquial criticisms—an entire absence of ill-feeling towards his brother bards. Not an unkind word did he utter to any one, and when he felt he could not praise, he dextrously changed the topic, and passed on to panegyrize some productions of sterling merit. The only thing approaching to bitterness which fell from his lips was a remark as to the treatment he received from a party, who shall be nameless, whilst editing the New Monthly Magazine.

I ventured to express my regret that he had not written more.

"The wonder is," said he, "I have written so much. Severe studies in early youth shattered a frame never of the strongest. When my 'Pleasures of Hope' appeared, I acquired so much reputation that I almost feared to risk it; the whole of that poem was written in two days and a night, and altered but little. The 'Mariners of England' was composed as I walked along the street."

Most authors, I remarked, have favorites amongst their own productions. May I ask, have you preference for either of your poetic family?

"Yes, I prefer the 'Last Man,' to any I have written. I did not greatly admire it at first, nor for some time after it was published and popular, but when I went with Lord Jeffrey to a concert in Edinburgh, and to my astonishment Braham came forward and sung it to magnificent music, I was paralyzed, and wondered if I had written the words. I had been praised, overpraised before, but I never felt that I was a real poet till then. After the applause had ceased, some one called out, 'Campbell,' and Campbell was the cry. Jeffrey made me get up and bow, but I must have looked like a gump. I shrunk back into the darkest part of the box, and cried like a child."

I mentioned to him, that Hannah More had presented to me, with a kiss (when a child) a copy of "Gertrude of Wyoming," and that his name was written on the fly-leaf.

"Yes, I remember, I sent her a presentation copy. She lived at Barley Wood, near Wrington, where Locke is buried. Mrs. More was then so popular that she was quite the Queen Bee of the Blue Stocking Hive. She was no great favorite of mine as a Poetess, but her influence at that time was great and beneficial. What a different woman was Mrs. Hemans! If ever there was on this earth a ready made angel, Felicia is one."

"Well," said Campbell, ringing the bell, I always finish the evening by drinking 'tother side 'o the Tweed.

He made himself a very weak potation of "mountain dew," and I joined in the "amiable weakness," more talk, more "opinionating," until the clock struck

"The wee short hour ayont the twal."

Campbell shook hands with me at the door, and invited me to come whenever I liked. He called on me the next day at my lodgings, and after a stroll in the Zoological Gardens, parted, never more to meet.

The "Literary World" is but too well aware, that the Bard of Hope now reposes in the Abbey Sanctuary. Nobles bore his pall, and paid a willing tribute to his genius. About his grave, Memory shed tears, but Hope illuminated the Sepulchre. Campbell's last home was surrounded by the great, the wise; a mourner, too, was there, unseen, but whose influence was not unfelt:—

"Call it not in vain, they do not err
Who say that when a Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her Worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies."

DANIEL O'CONNELL!

The following is an extract from the late travels of Viscount D'Arlingcourt, now publishing, in continuation of Waldie's Library:

O'Connel broke up the assembly, and then still surrounded by adulation, incense, and homage, took the road to Tara Hall, an immense mansion belonging to Mr. Lynch, and situated at the foot of the Mountain of Kings. There, under a vast tent, a banquet of from one thousand to one thousand two hundred covers was prepared, at which the Liberator was to preside. The managers of the entertainment had included me among the guests; a room had been kept for me in the house, and I was told that my place at table would be by the side of the illustrious chief. I went to Tara Hall, accompanied by Henry Grattan. I was most eager to enter into conversation with O'Connell, and I was conducted to a small sitting-room, whither he had retired to enjoy some repose after the exertions of the morning. The great Hall of the mansion was full of company: he was to join them at a later hour.

Only one or two of the Liberator's most intimate friends, and the host's daughter, the pretty Miss Catherine Lynch, were with him. He welcomed me with gracious courtesy, and made me sit on the sofa beside him. I had thus an opportunity of regarding him at my leisure.

O'Connell is tall,* and strongly built; one would suppose him to be a wrestler of the olden time. His eye is animated and intelligent, his voice is keen and sonorous. He expresses himself elegantly and quietly, and with convincing sincerity and earnestness. His gestures are often dignified, and though there is a certain vulgarity in his physiognomy, yet his deportment is majestic. He possesses, moreover, all the good qualities and all the defects necessary for a popular orator, being by turns rough and smooth, energetic and yielding, courteous and abrupt.

Our conversation was extremely animated; he spoke of the Queen with profound respect, and of her Government with bitter scorn.

"Wellington," said he to me, "was born six miles from Tara, and this Irishman thinks only how he can most injure Ireland: he will not succeed, I hope. Besides he has solved a problem for me; he has proved that without actions of real merit, without superior talents, one may become a great man entirely by accident and chance. It was at the very moment when he was about to fly from Waterloo that he found himself suddenly victorious: and he was the last who expected it."

I was anxious to speak to O'Connell of the dangers of rebellion, and of the risks they themselves ran who opened to others the career of revolt.

"I, like you, hate sedition," he answered; "but oppression is also odious to me. I do not labor to overthrow, but to be free. I shall triumph by the force of principle, by the irresistible progress of human thought; by the breath of civilization, which confers a new existence on mankind, and by the support of a God of Justice. I shall have no need of war."

"You may be attacked—persecuted."

"Persecutions! let them come. They will increase my power."

"But if the sword quit the sheath? If the axe menace your heads?"

"Oh, then, I have but to say one word, and on the following day I shall have under my banner an army of five hundred thousand men, nay, a million if necessary."

"How would you arm your troops?"

"Nothing easier! They would take the enemy's muskets and cannons from him. The enemy himself would pass over to their colors with arms and baggage. I should still conquer without fighting."

O'Connell spoke with persuasive eloquence. This old man, who is said to be near his seventy-fifth year, retains in his features and thoughts all the energy of a more vigorous age.

"You are a poet?" he resumed. "Here are some lines I composed yesterday, before the meeting of Tara."

He read me the following stanza:

"Oh, Erin! shall it e'er be mine
To wreak thy wrongs in battle line,
To raise my victor head and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free?
That gleam of bliss is all I crave
Between my labors and the grave."

DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P.
for the County of Cork.

* It has been affirmed that O'Connell's head, next to that of Napoleon, is the broadest and largest that has ever been known.

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November 28, 1844.—tf.

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GRAHAM HOUSE, 63 BARCLAY STREET,

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October 17